THE COMMONWEAL

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THE VOLSTEADIAN FRONT

BISHOP CANNON has been excused from posing as a rebel. This is in keeping with our predictions and, we think, with general sanity. As constituted, the lobby committee was almost the last body in the world qualified to investigate the conduct and issues which prevailed in 1928. Bishop Cannon dismissed is, perhaps, a far less important figure than Bishop Cannon in the stocks. He has proved nothing, cleared up nothing. He himself accepts his record as something which cannot be elucidated in public. Nevertheless the great Emersonian dictum abides, the "light" remains the arbiter of political conduct. Of course the nation is now suffering from a manifest apathy of thought and interest. Speaking in Toronto, Canada, Governor Albert C. Ritchie referred to the problem of "how to make known and enforce the popular will through government" and went on to declare: "We know that no government, however absolute its power, can enforce its will if the will of the people is not responsive. Unfortunately, the converse is not true. The people's will cannot always be translated into the people's government. My own country is now an example of this, and if the period were not, as I am convinced it is, a temporary and passing one, it would constitute little less than a crisis in the development of democracy. Instead of its old-time responsiveness to the popular will, the government is extending its powers and is not only lending itself to an excess of laws—sumptuary, inquisitorial and regulative—but is becoming a law unto itself."

A law unto itself! That is, ultimately, the prohibition question in a nut-shell. The thing that separates Bishop Cannon and the agencies he supports from so many of the rest of us is not, in the final analysis, a difference of opinion regarding the properties of alcohol. It is simply this: the belief that a suggested form of liquor administration can ever be judged on other grounds than those of expediency, the principle that constitutionally enacted drought is a moral mandate. But if such a stand constitutes the most serious and dangerous issue in the "great debate," it has at least the virtue of being substantial and intelligible. One may deeply deplore the methods and purposes of Bishop Cannon. One must concede, however, that they have their origin in an understandable conception of ethics and polity.

Something else entirely holds for Professor Irving Fisher, appearing as a speaker in behalf of Mr. Frank-

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lin Fort, New Jersey dry candidate. There are good arguments for Volsteadism. Many excellent men swear by those arguments. But not even the highest-powered microscope can discern any kind of sense in the oratory dispensed by Dr. Fisher. Three statements, indeed, figure prominently in it. The first is that "powerful interests" have been amalgamated under the leadership of "a group of millionaires" who have entered into "a natural political alliance with the United States Brewers' Association." The second runs to the effect that Mr. Morrow is the agent of this unwholesome aggregation and seeks "to shift a vast burden of taxes on the shoulders of the working-people by restoring the traffic in beer." The third rests on the intimation that Mr. Morrow's activities are "bitterly opposed" to the law-enforcement ideas of the President.

It would be difficult to compilate a more astounding catalogue of nonsense. To begin with, all this talk of subterranean conspiracies is as futile and apocalytic as the gossip about Jewish protocols and German atrocities. And if one is patient enough to analyze the charges seriatim, Professor Fisher begins to look like a masterful writer of farce. In the palmy days of prohibition propaganda, for instance, it was considered excellent copy to tell off the names of wealthy men who joined Messrs. Ford and Kresge in their war on beer. But when it is proved that not all captains of industry share this view, the scenery is quickly shifted and labeled with the sign, "Dire Conspiracy." You can do that sort of thing in a nursery, and it may be that Professor Fisher assumed he was addressing children. The second charge is even more specious. Mr. Raskob, for instance, has set forth plainly and frequently the reasons which have made him a wet. They may be right or wrong. But to translate them into gibberish about shouldering working-men with taxes is not what one might legitimately expect of a professor of economics. Taxes? Professor Fisher knows as well as anybody else—or ought to—three basic facts: that prohibition has not had the slightest effect on taxes paid directly or indirectly by the working-man, excepting in so far as the burden of enforcement has increased federal expenditures; that the per capita amount now expended for liquor is greater than it was prior to 1918; and that the breweries, if restored, would supply far more in the way of employment than they exact in the form of revenue.

All these Fisherisms are more than nonsense. They are unadulterated claptrap. Even so, the third declaration is really the climax. Opposition to Mr. Hoover, indeed! It is no longer conceivable that the President is tied hand and foot to the prohibition department of Yale University. Perhaps he is in sympathy with Mr. Fort. Possibly he has a secret admiration for Mr. Morrow. It may be that Mr. Wickersham, no longer utterly arid, is closest to his heart. But unless the atmosphere of the White House has dimmed the light of his intelligence, he cannot conceivably be hand in glove with Professor Fisher. Law enforcement, of course. It is more desperately needed than ever before in the nation's history. We have recently witnessed the appalling murder of a Chicago newspaperman by an emissary of gangland, who banked on his own immunity and the power of his group. Well, let's talk law enforcement. But if we are to get anywhere in that discussion, it is clearly necessary to adopt a language different from Professor Fisher's novel mothergoose rhymes about veiled interests, rich villains in hiding and working-men burdened with an extra penny a glass. After all, law enforcement is a relatively serious matter.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE mechanism of education now reveals itself, to expert, bystander and mere victim alike, as not so much in need of repair as in grave danger of being scrapped for entirely new apparatus. Immediate change is, of course, unlikely. So vast an army of teachers, so widespread a network of properties, cannot suddenly be switched from one direction to another. What one means, rather, is that the aims which have been most prominent in educational theory during the past quarter century are almost certain to be discarded. And what were those aims? First, the development of method. Second, the adoption of the "measurement standard" in adjudging pupils. Method needed to be investigated. Those most widely concerned with it may point with pride to a series of genuine reforms which abolished cut and dried class-room habits. But method for method's sake—which was what the control of the educational system by the "psychologists" amounted to—inevitably led to considering the child only an interesting subject for experimentation. Boys and girls were fascinating things to watch, and they were consciously so placed that watching them was easier and more amusing. The "measurement standard" was likewise useful. It sponsored the utterly sound notion that classification is an essential need in mass education. But the norms which it established were incomplete, if not wholly wrong.

The Passing of Method

METHOD led us eventually to a kind of education road which kept going round and round all the while. It was assumed that the child would train himself—that he would suddenly burst into reading, or blossom out one fine afternoon as a budding physicist. Measurement likewise led steadily to behaviorism, and behaviorism is simply an impasse. Assuming that a personality does what it is, the behaviorists could not alter the doing. From both points of view, therefore, we almost arrived at a point where the educator was unimportant. Whereas the older pedagogues had sinned by imagining that if everybody were subjected to the same process they would emerge virtually equal, the newer ones assumed that if nobody were subjected to any process all would emerge different. Today the poor results are

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fairly obvious to those who look with a modicum of care. On all sides we hear the demand that personality be respected as a unity underlying scattered manifestations of nerves, instincts or intelligence; that this personality receive in turn a unified training, envisaging all the central purposes of life; and that such a training depend upon a correlation of finished and formative individuals in a business of give and take. If we live long enough we may witness a comforting processional of parents away from the psychotherapists toward a first-rate teacher.

Senator Simmons

FURNIFOLD M. SIMMONS, since 1901 a Senator and in absolute control of North Carolina politics, has been overwhelmingly defeated in the Democratic primaries of his state. His successful opponent, Josiah W. Bailey, is a young man, who conducted his campaign entirely on the issue of party regularity and the Simmons desertion of Al Smith in 1928. Nor did the Republicans show gains in strength. There were over 300,000 Democratic voters to less than 50,000 Republicans. All sorts of conclusions have been drawn as to this extraordinary event. It has been interpreted as a belated endorsement of Smith, as a personal revolt against Simmons, as the final gasp of North Carolina democracy, as a realignment of the state under its old party allegiance. Only one thing can be asserted with some certainty. There seems to be a movement all over the country against the older leaders, focusing on the prohibition question. One hears of "Young" Republicans, "Young" Democrats, who are disgusted with the group of elder statesmen whom the country seems to have outgrown. Senators Heflin and Simmons are the first to fall; there will doubtless soon be others.

$25,000,000 Worth of Suckers

ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL WATSON WASHBURN of New York state has just made public the report upon the activities of the State Bureau of Securities for the first six months of 1930. His figures are staggering. The public, he says, has lost $25,000,000 in fraudulent securities, by investing in 333 worthless corporations, against all of whom his bureau has taken action. Eight of the actions involve stocks listed on the New York Exchange. About $1,500,000—just 6 percent—of the total loss has been saved for unfortunate investors. The $25,000,000 is only a little less than the total lost during the whole of 1929. This loss is all the more extraordinary in a period of undoubted depression and hard times. Is it possible that when money cannot be made readily in rational enterprises, fraudulent stocks find a ready market? It would seem so. Evidently $25,000,000 of somebody's was found, not for foolish investment, but for investment which the slightest careful investigation would have shown to be equivalent to throwing the money away. Perhaps this is a sign of the times; perhaps it deserves some profound moral. We are inclined to suppose it merely a rather large scale demonstration of several old adages too commonplace to bear repetition, adages so unchangeably true that legislation can never make them less familiar. Indeed it is amazing in itself that legislation has been able to achieve a 6 percent return on fools' money—even though that 6 percent comes only once in the course of a lenghty lifetime.

A State Document

SIR JOHN SIMON'S committee has made public its unanimous report. Once more British statesmanship has shown itself capable of a masterly document, written with all the objective sense of values and justice of an Aristotelian politics, yet produced in times of grave crisis and trouble. It is over a hundred years ago that Lord Durham's system of empire government had led to the British North American Act, a monument of constitutional wisdom. Now an infinitely more complex task has been attacked in the same scholarly spirit. Sir John's report is not in the least sensational. It says what everyone has long known, that India cannot govern herself competently for many years to come. Yet it recommends another step in the direction of self-government, a limited dominion status. The only nationalist answer is that bad independence would be preferable to any form of British dependence. The one hope for a peaceable solution of the whole question is that the calm justice and reason of the report will gradually induce the major part of Indian opinion to abandon extreme views and to coöperate with the British in the difficult task of making the millions of their oriental empire fit for self-government.

Bidding for Scholars

WE TEND to think of American colleges with larger and larger enrolments, as we think of American cities with larger and larger populations. Yet the facts are otherwise, as is shown by Arthur E. Morgan, the president of Antioch College, writing in the Atlantic Monthly. State and municipal universities with nominal tuition fees are struggling with increasing student bodies, says Dr. Morgan, but in many of the smaller institutions this condition is reversed, and enrolment is actually shrinking. The problem of maintaining a high standard of scholarship thus becomes acute. It is solved by the typically American expedient of bidding for promising material. "Scholarship funds," according to Dr. Morgan, "are applied to the virtual purchase of students on a competitive basis in the open market." The intensive drives for money which have become a feature of college administration are partly the result of a wish "to compete successfully in this bidding." Students with superior records are learning to play one offer against another. Or their high-school principals will, in effect, conduct the transaction for them by advising this or that college: "Pro-

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vide scholarships, or my better students will be advised to go elsewhere."

THIS will produce mixed feelings in most readers. Of course the situation described is less than ideal. And yet it is such a startling reversal of another state of things that we were recently asked to deplore—the hiring of athletes out of scholarship funds to live at colleges for four years under the guise of students—that it is amusing and perhaps a little gratifying, too. The idea of sending out scouts, not for tacklers and sprinters, but for Greek sharks and calculus hounds, is not without its charm. However, Dr. Morgan is undoubtedly right in feeling that the system is inequitable and undignified. His suggestion for meeting it is ingenious, if open to certain obvious criticisms. He outlines a scholarship trust, to receive endowments and assign scholarships to those applicants who merit them by virtue of mental quality and character. The recipient "would then be free to use his funds in any reputable institution of his own choice." This is fairer, of course, to both the "reputable institution" and the scholar than the system of making a man's choice of his alma mater a closed commercial transaction. Nevertheless it is probably unworkable on any scale that would meet the situation. It depends on a central scholarship fund, and that depends on the willingness of rich alumni to contribute. And while rich alumni often love their own colleges well enough to give them fortunes, it is doubtful if they have, as a class, the abstract passion for scholarship which would lead them to give fortunes impersonally to be used for building up the prestige and usefulness of "any reputable institution" in the country.

Another Popish Plot

IN A recent issue of The Commonweal Mr. Harvey Wickham drew attention to an indubitable relation between Moscow and the Pope. We have recently heard of an even more dire and diabolical machination on the part of the Holy Father. There has been some talk lately of an action brought by the Yellow Taxi Company against those associated companies, all roughly described as "General Motors." It seems that the Terminal Taxi Company, a General Motors subsidiary, has obtained most of the railroad and pier concessions in New York, thereby depriving the Yellow Taxi Company of very valuable assets. It is further alleged by the complainants that these concessions have been obtained by dire threats and most foul intimidation. Now it is a matter of public record that several directors of General Motors are wicked papists. And it is said that the whole reason for the existence of Terminal taxis is not at all to provide an outlet for Buick cars—far too simple a motive, of course—but merely to insure the Pope adequate and sympathetic taxi facilities when His Holiness decides to move the Vatican to Washington and has, in the process, to cross New York City from a steamship pier to Pennsylvania Station. This rumor is so ingenious—and therefore, of course, so worthy of credence—that we cannot forbear letting our readers hear of it.

The Profits of Summer

OPENING its sessions once again on June 29, the Catholic Summer School of America may look back with a great deal of satisfaction upon thirty-eight years of fruitful and interesting activity. The number of buildings has increased greatly, facilities of all sorts have been improved. Even nature—which in the neighborhood of Lake Champlain need offer no apology for itself—appears to have taken on added grace during more than three score seasons. Practically everyone who has figured as a Catholic student of world affairs or the humanities has, at some time or other, lectured to Cliff Haven audiences. This year's list of speakers ranges from a veteran missionary in India to the chief probation officer of a metropolitan city. But though learning oozes from virtually every pore of the Summer School, its chief purpose is doubtless to furnish a retreat where meditation and improvement of the whole man may be sought in a genuinely Catholic society. There is no longer anything to be said "in behalf of" the Cliff Haven idea. It has been tried, tested and never found wanting during several decades; its fame has spread even to the Old World; and to those who are in search of a proper vacation haunt it can only be recommended as the safest bet with which we are familiar.

Bamberger's University

MR. LOUIS BAMBERGER and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld, of Newark, New Jersey, have given $5,000,000 toward the establishment of an institution devoted entirely to scholarship and research. It is to find a habitat in New Jersey, and to be known as the Institute for Advanced Study. No undergraduate will be admitted, and the donors hope their foundation will not turn into an exaggerated normal school. They trust that it will be a dwelling place for scholars and scientists who shall advise students of high intellectual attainment in the pursuit of learning. They do not expect to construct any elaborate plant—libraries, laboratories, etc. One cannot help wishing so altruistic an enterprise the success it deserves, yet one wonders. In America it is sadly true that scholarship has no acknowledged use except in connection with education. This is true of all its branches except the applied sciences and, possibly, the law. So long as this condition continues, one wonders how fully such an institution will fulfil its founders' purposes. It is time our society began to find more adequate use for scholars and pure scientists in business and public life. One reason for the prevailing reticence, no doubt, is the circumstance that so many scholars have turned out to be ghastly messes in such fields. And the public always estimates one cosmic failure higher than a dozen modest successes.

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IT IS interesting that the University of Notre Dame has refused to lend itself to the making of a football film designed (among other things) to give it wide publicity. Toplitzky of Notre Dame, the picture in question, was evidently another version of the time-honored formula represented more remotely by Brown of Harvard, and more recently by Annapolis and the two or three other current pictures about West Point and Princeton college life. The Paramount studio seems to have relied on this tradition, and on Notre Dame's unique prowess on the gridiron, for securing the pleased coöperation of the University authorities. It had completed a number of scenes, and invested a considerable sum of money, before applying for permission and help in making the campus sequences. The answer to its application must have come as something of a shock. The University courteously regretted, but it felt that its function was to secure celebrity not through athletics but through scholarship. Anyone acquainted with academic history knows that the University already has a long and distinguished record of scholarship. But it also has, in common with two or three other seats of higher learning, an immediate problem arising out of the superexcellence of its athletics and the wildfire appeal which they make to a sports-crazed public. This action of the Notre Dame officials is a dignified and admirable assertion of the proper balance.

A Right Refusal

DEPRESSION is in the air, but nothing is so thoroughly inoculated with it as boxing. We are rather happy, of course, to think that as much as there is of a crown has gone to Max Schmeling. It has given thousands of Germans something to applaud, has proved that the impartiality of American sport is above suspicion, and now stands midway between New York and Berlin very like one of those colored pins which boys attach to fishing corks. The fight, however, was a woeful affair. Ended by a foul blow almost as quickly as it was begun, it seemed to 80,000 assembled spectators very nearly the most expensive fiasco of a generation. Conceded, if you like, that contemporary fondness for heavyweight bouts is one of the mysteries of prevailing culture, expressing a remarkable willingness to spend a lot of money and time on stupid entertainment. The fact remains: a crowd out to see fifteen or more rounds of aggressive boxing is entitled to more than the Sharkey-Schmeling caterers served. Would it not be a good idea to rule that any boxer guilty of a foul should go home as penniless as the fans go unsurfeited? At any rate, those of us who read the papers learned a great deal. We followed the daily avoirdupois reports of the principals; discovered how many bad prophets have jobs as sports writers; learned to know the intellectual characteristics of two leading citizens; and—by no means unimportant—several items of hitherto unfamiliar jargon.

A Fairly Expensive Blow

WHO GOES TO CHURCH?

STATISTICS really do not deserve their bad reputation. Honestly collected and sorted out, they have nothing whatever in common with Falstaff or a half-dozen recently quizzed New York magistrates. And seldom have they blossomed out more neatly than in a recent study of "organized religion" in this country—The United States Looks at Its Churches, written for the Rockefeller Institute of Social and Religious Research by C. Luther Fry. It is true that the government census figures for 1926 serve as a basis, and that many persons have questioned the accuracy of those figures. But Mr. Fry eliminates a good deal of the doubt by isolating the church membership above thirteen years in a manner which seems to us approximately correct. Allowing for minor and unavoidable mistakes at this point, the reader may proceed to get the benefit of an extraordinarily interesting survey. It will tell him uncommonly much about the strength and appeal of Christian belief in an era in which, it is often assumed, the charms of materialism captivate many. Indeed, Mr. Fry's object seems to have been to set forth "the social significance of the churches."

In 1926 adult church membership was, roughly speaking, 44,380,000, while the country's total adult population was about 80,000,000. This would mean that fifty-five out of every 100 citizens more than thirteen years old go to church—an estimate which can be verified by taking into consideration other inquiries. Women outnumber men, constituting as they do sixty-three out of 100 church members even though the male citizenry is larger. Geographically regarded, the country seems to be most religious in the South and East, less so in the Middle-West, and least faithful in the mountain states where Mormon Utah constitutes the only exception to a rather bad record. Other curious facts emerge here; for instance the circumstance that almost as many men as women go to church in New England, while the males of the Kentucky-Tennessee district are notably lax. Again, Mr. Fry says: "The proportion of adult population that belongs to the church is correlated with basic social conditions. Official statistics make it possible to compute the 1926 suicide rate for all but three of the forty-eight states in the union. Such figures show a close relationship with membership ratios. In those states where the suicide rate tends to be high the proportion of the population in church tends to be low." Our author declines to stress a relationship of cause and effect at this point, but one may say incidentally that the findings conform with the results of an inquiry made in Germany a year or so ago.

What is the relative strength of the various churches? Mr. Fry lists 212 separate denominations, but declares that the trend is away from further division. "There are," he says, "only two dozen denominations with more than 200,000 adult members each, and these twenty-four bodies include 91 percent of

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the country's adult membership." The Catholic share of this membership is given as 13,300,000, a figure made to conform with standard Protestant tabulations which do not include children. Just how far this estimate deviates from the precise truth it would be impossible to say, but we feel that it is as nearly correct as available data permit. Relatively speaking, therefore, the Catholic body constitutes 30 percent of the church-going public. Other non-Protestant groups, including the Jews, form only 8.5 percent of the total, so that 65.5 percent of all Americans who profess a religious faith go to Protestant churches. Mr. Fry even argues that the Protestant percentage given is probably too low, since Jewish figures do not distinguish between those who attend a synagogue and those who do not.

It follows, therefore, that seven out of every ten adult Americans who attend divine service are non-Catholics, and that only three out of every nineteen adult Americans is a son or daughter of the Church. Here is the numerical basis from which one can proceed to discuss any of those questions which touch upon the social implications of religion. Mr. Fry considers one: "The numerical strength of the different religious groups in relation to the total adult population throws light upon the potential voting strength of these groups. There is not a single state in which either Jews or Roman Catholics constitute a majority of the total population, although Rhode Island and New Mexico come close to it with slightly more than forty-seven out of each 100 adult inhabitants on the rolls of a Roman Catholic church. But there are nine southern states in which the Protestants constitute a majority of the population. Indeed, in North Carolina the adult membership of Protestant churches equals nearly three-quarters of the total population over thirteen years of age." We may add incidentally that owing to racial and other divergencies the Catholic body is nowhere so strongly identified with one political party or tradition as evangelical Protestantism is in the South. The recent defeat of Senator Simmons in North Carolina is, perhaps, a better commentary on this fact than upon any other political matter.

That there are other and possibly more important corollaries is obvious. Take, for instance, the matter of membership growth. During the two decades which followed 1926, church structures increased fairly rapidly in number and adult membership followed suit. Nevertheless "it becomes clear that since 1906 the increases in the membership figures reported by the churches have kept pace almost exactly with the growth of the population." All the denominations report some growth, but the only ones to have made phenomenal headway are the Mormons and the Christian Scientists! According to Mr. Fry's statistics, Catholic increase has been more marked after 1916 than after 1906—a fact attributable, no doubt, to the greater efforts made to protect the faith of such new immigrant groups as the Italians and the Mexicans. Matters like this are indifferent to praise or blame. Catholics in the United States have at least as much religious fervor and apostolic zeal as the Catholics of any other country. Those who are overanxious to raise a hue and a cry should remember the evident fact that incomparable sacrifices have been made by thousands of priests, religious and lay folk to enable throngs of newcomers to this country to adjust themselves to new conditions without suffering spiritual shipwreck. This work should never be lost sight of—should, indeed, be honored in perpetuo. Meanwhile, of course, the heart of anyone who loves the things of God must ache at the thought that if the Christian denominations now existing here were united in one fold they could undoubtedly win over millions of others.

Some aspects of the survey are favorable, some are unfavorable, to Catholic optimism. Among the bright facts is the intellectual status of the Catholic priesthood. "The Roman Catholic Church has a far lower proportion, and the three Negro denominations a far higher proportion, of untrained men than have the seventeen white Protestant bodies," says Mr. Fry. Only a very small percentage of priests are neither college nor seminary graduates, while fully 70 percent of rural Protestant pastors in the east south-central states are without higher education. On the other hand, the weakness of Catholicism in rural districts—a matter frequently commented upon—is again made evident in this survey. More than 80 percent of practising Catholic adults live in cities. Of all churches in all country regions in the United States, 93 percent are Protestant. This is, of course, no longer news. Father Edwin O'Hara and those associated with him have been discussing the problem for years and devising ways for correcting it.

Mr. Fry correctly stresses the importance of property investments now identified with religious purposes. "It seems reasonable to conclude," he avers, "that the total value of church property in the United States is in all probability at least $7,000,000,000." Catholics wont to complain about collections should notice the fact that the amount per adult member invested in his church buildings is comparatively small, although the average cost of a Catholic church—$52,000—is relatively high. This saving is effected by having fewer edifices and larger memberships. On the other hand the reported Catholic expenditure during 1926 was $204,500,000, a quarter of the national total. Much of this is to be accounted for by the school system; and if one adds the increased taxation burden imposed upon Catholics as a result of this system, the total expenditure for religious purposes grows much larger. There is, then, no reason for complaining about Catholic generosity; and, indeed, it is warmly admired by all foreign observers who come to the United States. One might go on adducing other interesting considerations advanced by Mr. Fry's book. These must suffice to show that, regardless of certain vaguenesses in the fundamental figures of population and church membership, it is an exceedingly useful study.

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TEACHING SOCIAL SCIENCE

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Written originally as an address delivered to teachers of the social sciences, the following paper seems to us of general civic importance. No part of the subject-matter of education is more influential than the study of social problems and rights. Professor Hayes strikes a balance between pessimism and optimism. He feels that "we are certainly in a fearful mess today in our schools." On the other hand, he proposes as an assumption sure to aid us all, the hypothesis that "human beings are capable of self-improvement." The evidence for these assertions and the conclusion deduced, seem of vital interest.—The Editors.

HISTORY and geography and civics have been taught in our schools for a long while, either separately or together. Latterly, special courses have been added to the curriculum on economics and on a miscellany of social information which is sometimes labeled sociology. Conventionally all these subjects are styled "social sciences" or "social studies," and their exponents vie with the exponents of equally conventional "natural sciences" and "humanistic studies" in seeking for them greater prestige and more hours of instruction.

But why teach the social sciences at all? Why confound an already confused curriculum with more and more of them? To these questions many persons have given more or less reasoned answers, and presently I myself shall attempt to do likewise. Unfortunately, however, most teachers and most principals and superintendents and the public at large expend little thought on the fundamental *why*, or, if they do, their actions betray rather crazy results of their ratiocination. They seem to act primarily because of habit, of vested interests, of external pressure, or of passing fads and fancies. The teacher of history, because he has been trained to teach it and gets paid for teaching it, tends to teach it as his old professor in college or normal school would have him teach it, modified, of course, as to content and method, by what legislators and local school authorities impose upon him. The teacher of history, like any teacher who would keep his job, is a submissive soul with just a dash of personal ambition. If the state authorities direct that civics shall be taught apart from history in special courses so many hours a week for so many years, the teacher of history conforms and may become a teacher of civics at nine o'clock and of non-civic history at ten o'clock. If the local school authorities, pressed by the chamber of commerce or banking members of the board of education, ordain that, in a world so menaced as ours is by the spectre of Communism, sound principles of economics and capitalism shall be inculcated in special classes, the teacher of history is likely to assent, however perfunctorily, and to become at eleven o'clock a teacher of economics. Then, as the state-imposed civics and the locally imposed economics become entrenched and create new vested interests, the superintendents and other bigwig educators hold many a conference as to how they may relieve the distressed and distressing curriculum. They may decide, in their wisdom, or in their despair, to have the non-civic and non-economic history given in smaller doses, say at ten o'clock and on alternate days or to have the history instruction of twelve grades telescoped into a one-year survey of all the past of the entire human race, or perhaps, to scrap the separate courses of special social study in favor of an omnibus course based on the children's reading of the morning newspaper or, preferably, the Literary Digest. In any event, the teacher of history is apt to acquiesce; if he has more than a dash of personal ambition, he will aid and abet. For in any case, his not to reason why, his but to do and—live! We seemingly end here without rhyme as well as without reason.

We are certainly in a fearful mess today in our schools. For a goodly number of years we have tinkered, or, as the more naive among us express it, we have "experimented," with the teaching of the social sciences, collectively and individually, at every level in public and private education. We have extolled "projects." We have "measured" and been "measured." We have spawned syllabi and curricula. The only thing which many of us have utterly failed to do is to reason about the experimenting and the tinkering, to ask ourselves the why and the wherefore, to seek some large measure of agreement in the public mind as to the fundamental objectives of all the current projects and measurements, syllabi and curricula.

In other word, we have been so intent upon details of method and so anxious to experiment with every novelty that we have followed fads and neglected philosophies. Yet I cannot see how we can judge of the efficacy of anything we do unless we act with some purpose, that is, unless we adhere to some philosophy. We must have some standard of value. We must set some ideal goal.

In other words, we have been so intent upon details history." As a historian, I always shudder when sociologists or a certain type of literary gentleman place preconceived interpretations upon disputable occurrences of the past and call them "philosophies of history." I am no advocate of any simple explanation as to why man exists or as to how he has behaved. I am a sceptic about history as a clear record of God's wondrous ways with man. I am even a sceptic about any absolute law of cause and effect in human history, or at any rate about our ability to comprehend fully how such a "law" operates in particular cases. "Law" in history disturbs and disconcerts me.

But while eschewing philosophies of history in gen-

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eral, I make bold to insist that we teachers of the social sciences must accept a particular and partial philosophy, by light of which we construct our courses and curricula and in terms of which we measure our achievements, and that we must strive to convert to this philosophy not only school administrators but the mass of our fellow-countrymen.

The philosophy which I suggest contains two propositions: (1) that social science is fundamental for all educated human beings; (2) that human beings are capable of self-improvement. This may sound platitudinous, but it really needs a little elucidation. The phrase "social sciences," particularly the word "science," has recently been acquiring an almost mystical significance. Let me warn you that there is nothing mystical in my use of the word or phrase. I find that many ideas when expressed in English words of Latin derivation tend, like ships, to collect on their hulls a mass of foreign barnacles and that they can be easily scraped clear of their accretions by the simple device of reëxpressing them in words of Anglo-Saxon derivation. So, to rid "science" of its mysticism, let us substitute for it the plain word "knowledge" or the equally plain word "understanding." "Social science" thus becomes a phrase signifying knowledge or understanding of human society and of the place of the individual in human society, that is, knowledge or understanding of the human race and of human relationships. And I assert that this is fundamental for all educated human beings.

It is not meant that social science is the only knowledge which should be imparted to school children. None of us would question, I assume, that knowledge or understanding of the universe of nature and matter, so-called "natural science," should occupy an important place in educational curricula. Many of us think, moreover, that knowledge of art, of ethics and of religion is of very great importance to educated human beings. Without violating the traditional "neutrality" of our schools in the matter of specific religions and in that of particular codes of morality, religion and ethics in general—and likewise art and nature—in so far as they have conditioned and complicated human relationships and are still doing so, must be closely articulated with social science. In this sense, then, social science should be the chief concern and the ultimate core of all school instruction.

Certain tools, of course, are necessary for advancement in social knowledge. There must obviously be instruction in the national language, in reading and writing, and also in figuring and drawing, and instruction, at least in the upper reaches, in foreign languages. But tools are not an end in themselves; they are means to another end. This end is social knowledge—social science—which can and must be served not only by special instruction in it, not only by closely articulated instruction in art and nature, but also by relevant instruction in all the tools I have mentioned.

You recall that the philosophy, as I stated it, contained two propositions. The first—"That social science is fundamental for all educated human beings"—is not likely, if properly understood, to arouse among reflective persons any serious dissent. To me, in my weakness, it appears self-evident. The second proposition—"That human beings are capable of self-improvement"—is more questionable; it is, frankly, a hypothesis.

If it is true that men are perpetually doomed by fate or animal mind to a constant round of the same toil and trouble, then social study may at best provide a slight mental divertissement, though its chief utility will consist in teaching the young to expect the worst.

Or, if it is true that men are petty chemical compounds, without spirit or will, in an endlessly evolving universe, it hardly matters what the compounds are taught in their nascent state. They will simply have to evolve, and the universe about them will simply have to evolve, precisely as the laws of celestial mechanics dictate.

Or, if it is true that men are predestined by something outside of themselves—call it nature or call it God— to behave in a particular way, to undergo improvement perhaps at one time and deterioration at another time, then social study may be directed toward the discovery of the secrets of God (or, if you will, nature) but it can scarcely be expected to alter the consequences of those secrets.

No man knows positively if any of these hypotheses is true. No man knows absolutely the truth of any alternative hypothesis. Yet I clearly imply just such a hypothesis when I assert that human beings are capable of self-improvement. It is part of my philosophy that men, within relatively narrow and vague limits, can and do exercise some real freedom of will, that they can and do learn from their own experience and from the experience of others, and that they can and do exert an appreciable influence on the course of human events, aye, even though infinitesimally, on the universe of matter.

This is an integral part of the philosophy which I would have you accept not only with the lips but with the mind and heart. I would have you moved and stimulated by it. It is, let me repeat, a hypothesis; it is not susceptible of mathematical demonstration. But how few persons get excited about the mere certainty that two and two make four! At any rate, the hypothesis before us is practical and workable. It is the only excuse I know for teaching anything, or for maintaining any school, or for paying any teacher. If we cannot agree on it, we may as well cease to talk about educational reform and either abandon our profession or continue in it as cynics or hypocrites.

If we will agree enthusiastically on the philosophy that human beings are capable of self-improvement and that social science is fundamental for all educated human beings, we shall be in a position to exert increasing influence on the nation, and if the nation accepts our philosophy, we can move forward with confidence

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and reason to refashion curricula and courses of study. It will take time, but the first responsibility is with the teachers and administrators of our schools.

I myself am no specialist on curricula or courses of study, and I am utterly lacking in prophetic inspiration. Far be it from me to tell you what particular courses should or will be put into the school curriculum at any given point. The only things about which I am clear and ready to express a conviction are first, that all future curricula must be based ultimately upon the philosophy which has already been expounded, and secondly, that they must take large account of certain corollaries which are derivable from that philosophy and which I shall now endeavor briefly to set forth. These constitute so many special objectives in the teaching of the social sciences.

In the first place, our philosophy requires us to teach the dynamic, rather than the static, character of human relationships. We must take account of the impressive fact that the world of today is vastly different from the ancient or mediaeval world, that a new material and industrial civilization is emerging with the swift contemporary progress of the mechanical arts, that we live in an age when human relationships are assuming an unprecedented complexity. This highly important social knowledge must be communicated to the masses through the medium of school instruction in the social sciences, and it must be communicated with certain specific examples and applications. Everybody should learn that man's political relationships are not immutably fixed, that reformation of government is necessary and possible, that the constitution of the United States is susceptible of amendment, that even the national state is not necessarily a final or supreme form of political organization. Everybody should learn, moreover, that man's economic relationships are not irrevocably determined, that the blessing of private property should not be restricted to the few but should be extended to the many, that a more rigorous control or a more equitable distribution of wealth is desirable and practicable, that all political questions are economic and all economic questions are political. Everybody should learn, also, that man's intellectual relationships are not static or uniform, that old ideas pass away and new ones are born, that the world is full of isms of all kinds, that there are a multitude of conflicting religious and divergent ethical codes. Everybody should learn finally, that the eventual outcome of the current flux in politics, economics and thought is dependent in part upon changing material circumstances and in even larger part upon intelligent direction and control by human beings.

Secondly, our basic philosophy must be applied especially to the training of American children. The United States is a segment of the world and comes nearer perhaps than most other countries to presenting a complete cross-section of contemporary human relationships about which it is our business to impart knowledge and understanding. We Americans are not certain that we are a distinctive nationality. We are certainly in a pot which at present is more obviously boiling than melting; and what eventually will come out of it no one knows. The purposeful teaching of social science in our schools can undoubtedly influence the character of the product. And it does seem to me that one great purpose of the teaching of social science in American schools should be minimizing of friction between the various elements in our national pot. We need domestic peace. We need, therefore, to overcome prejudice. We need, therefore, to have mutual understanding. This applies alike to racial, religious, economic and sectional groups of our population. Our majorities should be more enlightened about our minorities; our white people about their black compatriots; our people of English antecedents about their fellow-citizens of continental European stock; our religious groups about one another; our urban communities about their rural neighbors; capitalists about working-men; the North about the South; the East about the West. In this modern age of flux, our people should be taught that any minority of today may be a majority of tomorrow, that what is cause for the goose is cause for the gander. That we have hundreds of different kinds of Americans should be a source of real pride, instead of shame, among us. But the price we must pay for it is the assurance of mutual understanding, amity and justice between the many groups that comprise America. Such assurance, the teaching of social science should seek to give.

The teaching of social science should involve not only the imparting of knowledge but also a certain amount of indoctrination. "Indoctrination"—that is the word, and I mean it. I do not mean that any teacher should be encouraged or even free to indoctrinate his students with every idea of economics, politics and religion which he himself entertains. I do mean, however, that the public should expect, and every teacher should strive, to have the rising generation indoctrinated during their school course with the general philosophy which I have set forth earlier in this paper and likewise with the ideas that they live in a changing world and that they labor in a country in which mutual understanding among groups is required. The fundamental indoctrination, in a word, should be that of toleration, not the toleration of indifference but the toleration of reason, a genuine respect for the opinions of others without any obligation to share them.

It should also be a purpose of social-science instruction to prepare the coming generation for greater appreciation of, and better citizenship in, not only the nation but also a particular locality or district, and the world at large. Patriotism must be purified and humbled. It should doubtless, like charity, begin at home, but home is not necessary an artificially constructed national state nor is it any place on the earth's surface where some fellow-national flies a flag or owns an oil well. Home is home, and normally, even in our

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rapidly changing world, it is the locality of one's birth or residence. If a man is a good citizen of his own community, he is apt to be a good member of his nation. And it should be a special function of social-science instruction in our schools to make clear that a man who has the welfare of his country and community intelligently at heart must be informed about other nations of the world and prepared to extend the same amity and justice to foreigners as he assures to his folks at home.

Really to understand the present and to prepare intelligently for the future, it is vitally necessary to have some knowledge and appreciation of the past. We cannot realize what a changing world we live in today unless we compare and contrast it with the worlds in which our grandfathers and our much more distant forebears lived. We cannot measure the significance to groups in our midst of their convictions and customs unless we know something of how such convictions and customs originated and developed. We cannot appreciate the difficulty of indoctrinating the coming generation with reasoned toleration unless we know the painful past record of toleration. We cannot love humbly our community, our nation or foreign peoples unless we know something of their history, their old faults as well as their old virtues. At almost every point, therefore, social science must include history.

Another objective of social-science teaching, another matter of "indoctrination" if you like, should be the development in our people of a greater appreciation of beauty and grace and politeness. Human relationships in America would be improved if we should set out with a will to teach true politeness and a real regard for the personal dignity of our neighbor. In America, too, we tend to rate very highly the immediately useful, no matter how ugly it may be, and to regard the beautiful—aesthetics in general—as an unnecessary and freakish frill which concerns only a few women's clubs and a few denizens of our Greenwich Villages. It is preëminently for social-science instruction to redress the balance between material and aesthetic values. History should be of art quite as much as of political instructions and material inventions. Civics should inculcate a critical attitude toward town-planning and national architecture as well as toward community chests and national taxation. Economics should concern itself with the appearance, as well as with the functioning, of fields, factories and workshops. English literature and great foreign literature should be treated more and more as proper material for that social science which shall be at once sound and fine.

What of social science is taught should be taught thoroughly, at least as thoroughly as determined teachers can devise. We have at the present time in our schools too many hasty survey courses, we teach too many little bits of this and that, we convey too many vague and fleeting impressions, so that while we may open some students' minds, we leave most of them pretty empty. It is far better, in my opinion, to give students one thing thoroughly than to give them many things sketchily. Certainly, America as a whole needs to learn the lesson of thoroughness.

One reason why we are not thorough is because we are dealing with mass education and are trying to give all children everything which any of them should or might be given. The result is not only that we teach children a very little about a good many things, but also that we tend to establish too much uniformity at a rather low level of mentality and information. We talk about social science or social knowledge as if "social" were the all-important word in the phrase. We seem to think that if children are "socialized"—if they conform to current conventions of the majority—it is final proof that they have learned the lesson of social science.

I beg to differ with this estimate of the purpose of social science. Both "socialized" and individualistic modes of thinking are persistent elements in human experience, and one of our most pressing problems is that of adjustment to a world in which neither can be left out of account. To my way of thinking, the ultimate objective in the teaching of social science, as in all teaching, is, or should be, the development of personality, of individualism, of liberty. We do not want in America of the future a dead level of mediocrity. We do not want a whole nation of "socialized" followers, without leaders in a wide variety of human endeavor. We want leaders more than followers, and leaders who have character and ability. To this end, the teaching of social science must be directed. For social science involves an understanding not only of society but of the place of the individual in society, and its exponents should labor to develop and train the individual, and particularly the exceptional individual.

I confess to being what in many quarters today is deemed old-fashioned. I am a liberal. I believe sincerely and wholeheartedly in according to everyone the greatest amount of liberty compatible with the liberty of others. I detest coercion by Fascists, by Bolshevists, by military or electoral majorities. I would have my countrymen return to the teaching of Thomas Jefferson in this respect and to the practice of the real toleration which should proceed from that teaching.

Dromod

"Here lies Dromod—pray for him!
Thus within a cloister dim
You may read the graven lines.
Who was Dromod? None divines.

In the twilight cool and long
Listening to the vesper song
Of some meditative bird,
Back there drifts this lonely word—

"Pray for Dromod"—changing thus—
Pray for each and all of us!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

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HOPKINS AND NEWMAN

By G. F. LAHEY

THE more intimate letters of Gerard Hopkins would go far in establishing a deeper knowledge of his character, as they have done in other writers (notably in Charles Lamb) whose private lives have been far removed from the gaze of men. The defection may be adequately compensated by a study of the letters he himself received from his more intimate friends. It was a happy inconsistency in him who was so negligent about his own literary arcana, to have shown a practical orderliness in conserving so many of the letters that came to him, and it is our good fortune to possess the most important. In the following pages we will endeavor to present the effect on Hopkins of the overtures of some of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century and thereby gain a better knowledge of the atmosphere in which he moved.

At the end of August, 1866, after returning home from a visit with Robert Bridges at Rochdale, Hopkins wrote the following letter to Newman:

> Reverend Sir:—I address you with great hesitation, knowing that you are in the midst of your own engagements and because you must be exposed to applications from all sides. I am anxious to become a Catholic, and I thought that you might possibly be able to see me for a short time when I pass through Birmingham in a few days, I believe on Friday. But I feel most strongly the injustice of intruding on your engagements or convenience and therefore, if that is the case, I shall think it a favor if you will kindly let me know that you are unable to see me. I do not want to be helped to any conclusions of belief, for I am thankful to say my mind is made up, but the necessity of becoming a Catholic (although I have long foreseen where the only consistent position would lie) coming on me suddenly has put me into painful confusion of mind about my immediate duty in my circumstances. I wished also to know what it would be morally my duty to hold on certain formally open points, because the same reasoning which makes the Tractarian ground contradictory would almost lead one also to shrink from what Mr. Oakley calls a minimizing Catholicism. I say this much to take fom you any hesitation in not allowing me to come to Birmingham if duties should stand in the way: you will understand that by God's mercy I am clear as to the sole authority of the Church of Rome. While much in doubt therefore as to my right to trouble you by this application, I would not deny at the same time that I should feel it the greatest privilege to see you. If it were so, I should hope not to detain you long.
>
> I may perhaps in some way introduce myself by reminding you of an intimate college friend of mine, William Addis, who once had the pleasure of spending an hour with you at the Oratory; I think also he has written to you since. I have little doubt that in not a very long time he will become a Catholic. If I should be so happy as to hear before Friday that you could spare time to see me, I should hope to be at Birmingham that day and sleep there, or if you had any convenient time in the two or three weeks after that I should like to come over from Rochdale where I shall be staying at Dr. Molesworth's. But in ending I would again say that I beg you will have no hesitation, as I have no doubt you will not, in declining to see me if you think best.
>
> Believe me, Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,
> Gerard M. Hopkins.

Newman replied, some weeks later:

> My dear Sir:—I am sorry I was abroad when your letter came. Now I am returned and expect to be here for some weeks. I will gladly see you as you propose, if you will fix a day.
>
> Very truly yours,
> John H. Newman.

How many times in the next month they met, is difficult to say but Hopkins's letter of October 15 seems to manifest a friendship deepened by acquaintance.

> Very Reverend Father:—I have been up at Oxford just long enough to have heard from my father and mother in return for my letter announcing my conversion. Their answers are terrible: I cannot read them twice. If you will pray for them and me just now I shall be deeply thankful. But what I am writing for is this—they urge me with the utmost entreaties to wait till I have taken my degree—more than half a year. Of course it is impossible, and since it is impossible to wait as long as they wish it seems to me useless to wait at all. Would you therefore wish me to come to Birmingham at once, on Thursday, Friday or Saturday? You will understand why I have any hesitation at all, namely therefore if immediately after their letters urging a long delay I am received without any, it would be another blow, and look like intentional cruelty. I did not know till last night the rule about communicatio in sacris—at least as binding catechumens, but I now see the alternative thrown open, either to live without Church and sacraments or else, in order to avoid the Catholic Church, to have to attend constantly the services of that very Church. This brings the matter to an absurdity and makes me think that any delay, whatever relief it may bring to my parents, is impossible. I am asking you then whether I shall at all costs be received at once.
>
> Strange to say, of four conversions mine is the earliest and yet my reception will be last. I think I said that my friend, William Garrett, was converted and received shortly after hearing of my conversion; just before term began another friend, Alexander Wood, wrote to me in perplexity, and when I wrote back to his suprise telling him I was a convert he made up his own mind the next morning and is being received today; by a strange chance he met Addis in town, and Addis who had put off all thought of change for a year, was by God's mercy at once determined to see a priest and was received at Bayswater the same evening—Saturday. All our minds you see were ready to go at a touch and it cannot but be that the same is the case with many here.

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Addis's loss will be a deep grief to Dr. Pusey I think: he has known him so long and stayed with him at Chale in a retreat.

Monsignor Eyre seemed to say that I ought not to make my confession by means of a paper as I have been used to do. Will you kindly say whether you would prefer it so or not?

Believe me, dear Father, your affectionate son in Christ,
Gerard M. Hopkins.

P. S. And if you should bid me to be received at once will you kindly name the day? The liberality of the college authorities will throw no hindrance in the way.

The wrench that the convert suffers can be known adequately by converts alone, and for Gerard Hopkins, filled as he was with such tender love for parents and friends, importuned by the intellectual aristocracy of Oxford, following the tenuous reasoning of his mind so subtly balanced and so analytic, the wrench must have been, naturally speaking, a martyrdom, compensated only by the inexpressible peace and exhilarating happiness that he afterward experienced. Newman with his refined sensibilities and exquisite delicacy was indeed his ablest guide, and we find him writing to Gerard three days before his reception: "It is not wonderful that you should not be able to take so great a step without trouble and pain . . . you have my best prayers that He who has begun the good work in you may finish it—and I do not doubt He will." Newman writes on November 21 and again on December 6, 1866:

I am glad that you are on easier terms than you expected with your friends at home. . . . I proposed your coming here because you could not go home—but, if you can be at home with comfort, home is the best place for you.

Do not suppose we shall not rejoice to see you here, even if you can only come for Christmas Day. . . . As to your retreat, I think we have misunderstood each other . . . it does not seem to me that there is any hurry about it—your first duty is to make a good class.* Show your friends at home that your becoming a Catholic has not unsettled you in the plain duty that lies before you. And independently of this, it seems to me a better thing not to hurry decision on your vocation. Suffer yourself to be led on by the grace of God step by step.

In his next letter, December 16, Newman again presses Hopkins to visit him:

You are quite right to go home, since they wish you, indeed, it would have been in every way a pity, had you not resolved to do so. But I don't mean to let you off coming here. . . . Could you not come here for the week before term? I want to see you for the pleasure of seeing you—but, besides that, I think it good that a recent convert should pass some time in a religious house, to get into Catholic ways—though a week is not long enough for that purpose.

Newman writes about further arrangements on January 14, 1867, and Hopkins came the following Thursday. While there he met a Mr. Darnell, a former fellow of New College, Oxford, and Anglican curate, who became a convert in 1847. At that time he was tutor to some half-dozen young men preparing for Oxford, and when Addis who was with him was leaving to become an Oratorian he was authorized to make the offer of his place to Hopkins. This explains Newman's letter of February 22, 1867:

When you said you disliked schooling, I said not a word. Else I should have asked you to come here for the *very purpose* for which Mr. Darnell wishes for you. . . . I think you would get on with us, and that we should like you.

Since then it was only delicacy which prevented my speaking when you were here, I have no hesitation in asking you to accept the invitation which we now make to you.

Hopkins took his degree in the spring of that year, and spent his summer vacation on the continent, returning, however, to take up his duties at the Oratory on September 17. It was during Christmas vacation of that year that Newman wrote him about a retreat he was contemplating:

It seems to me you had better go into retreat at Easter, and bring the matter before the priest who gives it to our boys. If you think that this is waiting too long, I must think of some other plan.

Why Hopkins did not return to the Oratory after the vacation is not clear; but Newman writes again on February 7 apropos of his future state of life:

You need not make up your mind till Easter comes, as we shall be able to manage matters whether you stay or we have the mishap to lose you.

Newman's next letter, which was written on May 14, 1868, is to congratulate him on his newly chosen state of life:

I am both surprised and glad at your news. . . . I think it is the very thing for you. You are quite out in thinking that when I offered you a "home" here, I dreamed of your having a vocation for us. This I clearly saw you had *not,* from the moment you came to us. Don't call "the Jesuit discipline hard": it will bring you to heaven. The Benedictines would not have suited you.

We all congratulate you. Ever yours affectionately,
John H. Newman.

Hopkins again spent his summer vacation abroad, and in the following September entered the novitiate at Roehampton. Firmly established in his vocation,

**There is an interesting story told which illustrates the different attitude of Manning and Newman, both conscientious and far-seeing. An undergraduate of 1874 became a convert after his Moderations, wherein he took a first class at New College. On consulting Cardinal Manning as to his remaining at Oxford, the Cardinal was shocked and wondered if his conversion were true—"Of course he could not," and he left without a degree, a step which seriously hampered his career. Newman wrote to Hopkins on November 21, 1866: ". . . I know you are reading hard but give me a line now and then."*

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he no longer needed the advice of his great friend, and so their correspondence became naturally more infrequent, though indeed their mutual esteem and affection never lessened. Newman subsequently wrote to congratulate him when he took his vows and on the occasion of his ordination, and also to reply to Hopkins's yearly birthday greetings. In these last, Newman often refers to the end of all his labors, as when he says in 1873: "I am sure you said a good prayer for me upon it, for, at my age, it rather brings to mind one's death than one's birth." In 1878 and 1879 Newman received his great academical and ecclesiastical distinctions— an honorary fellowship at Trinity College, Oxford, and the cardinalate—for both of which Hopkins wrote to congratulate him. Newman's answer to the former, dated February 25, 1878, contains the following interesting note:

> I am going to Oxford for a day tomorrow. I have not been there for thirty-two years, completed the day before yesterday. It is very kind of the Trinity men, but it is a trial.

In the spring of 1881 he wrote to Father Hopkins who was in the ministry at Liverpool and who had asked him about the respective merits of Carlyle and George Eliot:

> You are leading a most self-denying life, and must be heaping up merit. It shames one to think of it.
>
> As to your implied question, I have read little of Carlile's (sic) and less of George Eliot, but I have ever greatly admired Carlisle's French Revolution, and, with you, think G. E., great as are her powers, nevertheless, overrated. Perhaps, in number of pages, I have read much more of G. E. than of C., but one page of C. goes for many of G. E.

Two years later Hopkins pleased the cardinal much by offering to reëdit his Grammar of Assent with a commentary and critical notes. It had been published in 1870; its originality and masterly psychology had received the serious approbation of competent scholars, but Newman with pleasing grace refused his offer.

> Thank you very much for your remembrance of my birthday, and also for the complimentary proposal you make in behalf of my Grammar of Assent.
>
> But I cannot accept it, because I do not feel the need of it, and I could not, as a matter of conscience, allow you to undertake a work which I could not but consider at once onerous and unnecessary. The book has succeeded in twelve years far more than I expected. It has received five full editions. It is being translated in India into some of the native tongues, broken into portions and commented on. It is frequently referred to in periodical home publications—only last Saturday week with considerable praise in the Spectator. Of course those who read only so much of it as they can reach while cutting open the leaves will make great mistakes about it, as Dr. Stanley has—but, if it is worth anything, it will survive papercutters, and if it is worthless, a comment, however brilliant, will not do more than gain for it a short galvanic life, which has no charms for me. Therefore, sensible as I am of your kindness, I will not accept it.

Hopkins replied that a compliment was far from his mind when he wrote, and hinted that England, like India, might welcome a comment, to which Newman again graciously replied:

> In spite of your kind denial, I still do and must think that a comment is a compliment, and to say that a comment may be appended to my small book because one may be made on Aristotle, ought to make me blush purple! As to India, I suppose all English books, even Goody Two Shoes, are so unlike its literary atmosphere, that a comment is but one aspect of translation.
>
> I must still say that you paid me a very kind compliment; you seem to think compliments must be insincere: is it so?

There remain a few letters written to Hopkins in Ireland, and of these, I select one, now famous, quoted by Ward, in his Life of Newman:

> Your letter is an appalling one—but not on that account untrustworthy. There is one consideration however which you omit. The Irish patriots hold that they never have yielded themselves to the sway of England and therefore never have been under her laws, and never have been rebels.
>
> This does not diminish the force of your picture, but it suggests that there is no help, no remedy. If I were an Irishman, I should be (in heart) a rebel. Moreover, to clench the difficulty the Irish character and tastes [are] very different from the English.
>
> My fingers will not let me write more. [March 3, 1887.]

There is a touch of real pathos in Newman's last letter to him on February 24, 1888, a lithographed acknowledgment signed with the wavering hand of an old man of eighty-seven. It was after this that Newman laid aside the mighty pen which had given so glorious a treasure to his Church, and to English letters, an act which also closed a literary union and one of his most beautiful friendships. On the part of the younger man it must have been reminiscent of their initial separation, what Father Keating has called: "The spirit of sacrifice that could deliberately part fellowship with a man who must, one would have thought, have satisfied every exigency, intellectual and moral, of the young convert's being." The sublime and lonely idealism which demanded the sundering of a cherished intimacy with the fine mind of Henry Parry Liddon, also severed a close companionship with John Henry Newman, but it brought Gerard Hopkins to a similar pinnacle where stood the older convert as the loftiest example of learning and holiness of nineteenth-century Catholicism.

Post Nativitatem Domini

A secret bears now every tree
Dreaming to die for Calvary.
In all the wheat-fields, tall and gold,
Lurks bread for Masses manifold.

CHARLES J. QUIRK.

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SEÑOR SIUROT'S CHILDREN

By N. K. McKECHNIE

SPAIN is hardly a country one might expect to furnish original ideas in education, and yet in the seaport town of Huelva may be found a recently established institution well worthy of study.

In this small town at the mouth of the Rio Tinto the rougher element common to all seaports seems to have been more than usually obtrusive and to have been a thorn in the flesh to the more respectable members of the community. Some disgraceful scenes that attended the visit of a cardinal-archbishop to open a school in a remodeled Franciscan convent amply emphasized the need of some ameliorating influence which the school was expected to furnish; but unfortunately it was found all the acquired funds had been expended on the building and accessories, and none remained for a competent teacher to inaugurate and carry out the work.

There was a man in Huelva called Don Manuel Siurot, a well-to-do barrister and devoted churchman. To this man the archpriest was bewailing the situation, and Don Manuel says that as he listened the "call" came. He seemed to hear a voice saying, "These children need you more than do the wealthy clients whose causes you plead in the courts of justice." He turned to the archpriest and said: "Will you take me for your teacher?"

And that is how it began. The man of law gave up his practice and took up the lowly duties of an elementary school teacher. He had no specialized training for the position, but he brought to the work a lofty enthusiasm, a trained yet agile brain, and a remarkable understanding of child nature; and gradually he has built up a system of training that surely would be known in every civilized country were it not that Señor Siurot is still too immersed in the problems that beset the management of his school to busy himself with the spread of his theories, beyond writing one or two small pamphlets. "Did I do well or ill?" he asks in one of these, speaking of his offer to fill the vacant post. The answer is in the fact that not one of the thousand boys on the school roll ever has to seek a position on leaving it; the applications from business men for Siurot's boys are always more numerous than can be filled. And yet these boys are all from the poorest class of a rough seaport town—a most unpromising environment. What are the methods by which Siurot has obtained this result?

I was privileged to be shown over the school by Don Manuel himself, who also demonstrated for two hours with his boys his methods of teaching. And though you will miss the powerful influence of his personality—which impressed me much and must have an inspiring effect on every boy who comes under it—those interested in the upbringing of youth will be able to judge from the following account of what I saw whether there are not some points in his system—a system, he says, evolved by sheer common sense after years of experimenting and failure—whether he has not devised some methods worthy to be adopted by educationalists the world over.

There are two fundamental rules at which Don Manuel has arrived; the first, cheerfulness in the teacher, and the second, what he calls "His Majesty, El Grafico"—that is to say, the graphic representation, the visible symbol of the invisible abstraction that is to be taught.

Can anyone name two sounder principles on which to base instruction? Probably every trained teacher has had impressed upon him their importance; but it is only in Señor Siurot's school (so far as I know) that one finds the whole establishment—classrooms, methods, curriculum, everything—built fearlessly on these foundations.

On calling at the school with the lady who had procured me the introduction, we passed from the street into a large courtyard open to the sky, with an arcade for shelter in bad weather along one side. The walls rose high enough to preclude the sun being troublesome, but being faced with white tiles they reflected an immense amount of light. The floor also was of tiles, but of a darker color, and on its spacious area were squatted about a hundred children, boys of from six to eight years of age, grouped in various classes, each with a teacher in charge. Each youngster had a piece of chalk in his hand with which he was making letters or doing sums according to the lesson in which his class was engaged. The tiled floor was his slate; and one was at once struck with the naturalness of the scene. Children like to sit on the ground and draw things, don't they?

After a little while Don Manuel appeared. He was a man of about forty-five years of age with a pleasant expression on his fine, strong face. He apologized for keeping us waiting, saying he had been fixing some electrical household appliance that had gone wrong, and at once suggested that I should first see his pupil-teachers' quarters.

This teachers' training-school was a new thing that he had at last, after many years of labor, managed to collect money enough to establish, and he was evidently immensely proud of it, as indeed he might well be if the outward appearances were evidence of internal excellence. I have never seen anything so spotlessly clean—not even an up-to-date hospital. Everything was tiled. The dining-table, at which the thirty students ate their frugal meals, the backless seats on which they sat, the walls and floors, the partitions between the cubicles in the dormitories—all were of tile. I was quite re-

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lieved on looking into the cubicles to notice that the bedsteads were of iron and provided with mattresses; it would hardly have been surprising to find these Spartan youths sleeping on marble slabs.

But although this was interesting in that it cast a sidelight on Senor Siurot's many-sided character, it is of his methods of teaching that I wish to write.

After the inspection of the training-school we betook ourselves to a large well-lighted classroom where about forty boys of from ten to twelve years of age were being taught by two teachers. In this room were tables on which were modeled in high relief maps of the town of Huelva and its surroundings, the province of Andalusia and the country of Spain. Don Manuel explained to me through the interpreter that in geography the boys were first taught about their own district, its characteristics and its productions. On these maps in relief the river beds are deep grooves and the boys pour water on the mountains to the north and notice whence the water in the river of their own town has its origin; they see where the railways that terminate in Huelva come from; and are led from these preliminaries to take an interest in the other provinces of their country.

Their town being a seaport on Spain's Atlantic coast they see ships enter the harbor after long voyages from distant lands, and from this starting-point they are led to acquire knowledge of other lands and nations than their own. To what an astonishing degree they do this I was given a unique demonstration.

Don Manuel asked me to write down on a piece of paper a list of towns in any part of the world I chose. Here is the list I handed him: Paris, Chicago, Montreal, Bombay, London, Edinburgh, Vancouver, Toronto, Berlin, Rome, Milan. Señor Siurot then formed all the boys in the room into one class and went to the blackboard. With a piece of chalk he rapidly drew a very rough sketch of the northwest coast of France, placed a river and a dot, and asked the boys what it was. At once a dozen voices shouted, "Paris." He then asked a few questions about Paris, and I suppose got satisfactory replies. For Chicago and Toronto he drew a *very* rough sketch (evidently draughtsmanship was not his strong point) of the Great Lakes and, marking dots where the cities are situated, at once had them correctly named. For Vancouver he drew a simple line from north to south, looked at the boys meaningly, drew another (the boundary line) from east to west, placed his dot, and at once got the reply. And so with all the rest.

He then proceeded to draw a rough outline map of the north of Canada (choosing that country as a compliment to the nationality of his visitor, he informed me) and as he drew in Hudson Bay, the Mackenzie River, the Great Slave Lake, and so on, sundry voices from among the boys would call out their names. It was an impressive exhibition, but more was to follow.

He showed us the method by which he conducted an "examination," and please note how he has stripped that dread term of its terrors and turned it into an enjoyable exercise of mind and body. He was adapting nature's method of instructing the young in the duties of adult life by means of games. The "examination" (again on account of my nationality) was to be upon the British empire, and took the form of a game of leap frog! The boys were formed into two groups, one of which were to act as judges of the correctness of the replies. In the other group one boy went down and made a back, and the others, each in turn, jumped over him, calling out as they did so the name of something British, with a few words of comment on it.

"London—capital of the empire," cried the first boy.

"Birmingham—manufacture of steel goods," followed the second

"The St. Lawrence—the great river of Canada."

"Calcutta—the capital of India."

And so on, until all twenty boys had had their turn and the judges had found no mistake. Then they went at it again, and this time a boy repeated some name that had already been given. It booted not that he pleaded he had not heard it given before; he ought to have been paying attention; down he must go, and the boy whom he relieved took his place among the judges. The third time round another went down for the same fault. The fourth time new names were evidently getting harder to find.

"Wellington—the capital of New Zealand," shouted one boy.

"Wellington—a famous British general," cried the next, evidently saved at the last moment.

"Something-or-other" (I didn't catch the name and don't know enough geography to supply it) "the capital of British Guiana." And so it went on. The end of the game would probably come when all the players had made a mistake and so had their turns at being down, but our time was limited, and so Señor Siurot switched the boys on to a lesson in the history of their own country.

They were divided into bands, one of which represented the Moors, another the inhabitants of Andalusia, another Granada, another Castile, and so on.

First, each band had to say who they were and answer questions about their customs, religion and form of government. Then the action commenced. Each group took its proper station on a large map of Spain outlined upon the floor, having established their right to the territory by their satisfactory replies. Señor Siurot clapped his hands, and the Moors made a rush and encircled the Andalusians.

"What year is that?" cried the master.

The boys answered in chorus. Other questions followed which I did not catch, and then another clap of the hands, and this time Granada (I think it was) was roped in.

Interspersed with questions and answers the gradual conquest of Spain by the Mohammedans was represented in the most graphic manner—a check being observed in their victorious progress when Catalonia

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shook herself free. But gradually the ever-widening circle of the conquering Moors drew into its embrace all but a few individuals on the northern limits of the country. Then began the ebb of the tide. The northern provinces began to free themselves from the toils, then to unite for the struggle to expel the invaders.

The various phases of the seven-hundred-year-long conflict were all represented by the boys, but of course I could not follow it all, though I understood enough to appreciate the value of the method; and it certainly was a great moment when, following the union of Castile and Aragon after the marriage of their respective monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, Granada, the last possession of the Moors (held till 1492) fell, and the entire class of boys, joined hand in hand in one great circle, standing on a map of their country, sang a national song. What young ragamuffin could help acquiring an uplifting knowledge of his country's great past when taught by such a method as this?

I wish I had space to tell of the other demonstrations Don Manuel gave us. Of the debate between two groups of boys representing Britain and France on the respective merits of their two countries; of the lesson in anatomy and mechanics of breathing, in which each boy represented a portion of the human body; and of the delightful part-singing of little French songs (for the principal of the French college in Huelva gives his services gratuitously for the teaching of French); and of the singing of a religious litany in the old convent chapel whither we all repaired and summarily evicted the pupil-teachers who were at their customary afternoon service. But I have not the space.

As we bade the señor goodby I told him I should probably write a report of what I had seen and asked him if there was anything he would like me to say. "Tell them," said he, "that what you have seen is the work of the Catholic Church." We said goodby and went away, and then I felt I would like to have a tiny share in the continuance of such a good work, so we went back again. We found Don Manuel in his private room, sitting at his desk, his head resting on his hands. A man of highly strung temperament, he had given himself without stint during the past two or three hours and was feeling the strain. We made our small contributions, and he thanked us, but said it was not from chance visitors like ourselves that he expected monetary support, but from the rich Catholics of the district who owed it as a duty.

The little children were still busily engaged at their game of arithmetic learning on the floor of the big courtyard when we went out.

"Did I do well or ill?" asks Don Manuel in his little book; and gives as answer: "I can only say that these poor children have taught me the true worth of life; because Christ, who alone is worthy, lives in them."

EXAMINATIONS AND EXAMINERS

By JAMES J. WALSH

WE ARE all, at least recurrently, interested in examinations, their methods and results. And since they are upon us again, it might not be amiss for the general public to be brought to the realization that examination ratings depend very largely on the persons who do the rating. There is likely to be a very great difference of opinion among examiners with regard to the value to be placed on answers. We hear of men giving notes of 90 or 91 or sometimes of 98 or 99, and feel sure that here we have an example of discrimination of the acutest kind, only to be exemplified by those long accustomed to the examination of papers. As a matter of fact, however, the longer men have been giving examination marks, the less likelihood there is of their presuming to make any very delicate distinction between papers. Young teachers will elaborately assess differences in marks of one or two points, but the man of long experience knows that it is as much as he can do to judge of differential values that correspond to six or seven. The custom of lettering examination papers from A to D, which represent a spread of thirty to forty points, is a much more satisfactory way of marking and much nearer the truth of comparative value, than the use of figures that would presumably make much finer distinctions.

Perhaps the most surprising thing in the development of pedagogy as a science has been the recognition of the fact that the same set of answers to a series of questions may have very different values in the minds of men accustomed to teach that subject. Some years ago Starch and Elliot distributed certain examination papers which had been given in the finals of first year high school in Wisconsin. Four actual papers that had been handed in by pupils in the ordinary course of examination, and that represented about the average standing of the class, were sent to a group of teachers who had given grades in those subjects during the year. They were asked to mark according to their usual standards. Two of the papers were in first-year high-school English and were graded by 142 teachers of this subject in as many high schools. One final examination paper in American history was graded by seventy teachers of history, while the final examination paper in geometry was graded by 118 teachers of mathematics.

It may be thought that high school English is a somewhat indeterminate subject, and therefore a considerable difference in the marks given for that will be expected. It is a good deal of a shock, however, to find how extreme the difference was. One of the

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English papers was marked from 64 to 98. There were only about a dozen papers below 80, but there were a dozen above 95, and there were more than a few in the 60's and 70's. The other English paper marked by the same English teachers had an even larger spread, namely from 50 to 98. Most of these were bunched between 75 and 80. As I have said, there may be some excuse for these differences in the comparative indefiniteness of the subject.

It might be expected, however, that in a subject like American history where every detail is settled and definite, there would not be anything like the same variation in the marks given. Yet the seventy history teachers who marked the papers submitted to them differed at least as much as, perhaps a little more than, the teachers of English. The lowest mark was 42, the highest was 90. The great majority of the marks were between 70 and 80, but there were nearly a dozen around 50 and another dozen around 60, and more than a dozen around 80 and 90. There can be no question of the facts of American history so far as the teachers' minds are concerned, and yet there was this striking difference in their evaluation of the responses.

Finally there is the examination paper in geometry marked by 114 teachers of mathematics. Geometry has been practically unchanged since Euclid's time. Besides, the examiners were themselves mathematicians and their mathematical minds would be expected to guide them in making absolute and not merely relative estimates of value. Alas for human fallibility. The geometry paper had a wider distribution of marks than any other of the examination papers. The lowest mark given was 28 and the highest was 92. And not only was the spread from first to last greatest but the marks were distributed more consistently over all the figures in between. Manifestly the mathematicians felt that they could make nicer distinctions, so there was not the crowding so commonly noted in other examinations around cardinal points. For some special mathematical reason that is perhaps a little difficult for the unmathematical mind to grasp, five papers were marked 53, and a dozen between 59 and 61. Five were marked 64, a tribute perhaps to that number's rounded quality of factorage. On the other hand, as a little tribute to the weakness of even the mathematical mind, a dozen of papers were marked exactly 75.

No wonder that the investigators declared that examiners differ as much in one subject as in another: "They disagree as much in evaluating a paper in mathematics as in history. Apparently mathematical papers are not marked with mathematical precision any more than any other papers."

There have been other investigations which have made it quite clear that the marks depend very greatly on the examiners. Some teachers mark constantly lower than the average, others constantly higher. Their mark is not a question of mere chance. When some of these papers were resubmitted to the same teachers several years later for remarking, they did not differ from their previous ratings by more than five points. Whatever influenced their estimate represented a constant factor in their judgment. What becomes very clear, however, as the result of such investigation is that examination marks do not mean much unless you know the person who gives them. It is actually the examiner more than the examinee who is on trial.

As a rule, unless papers are marked by the teacher who taught the subject and who knows what he has most emphasized and required during the course, there will be a very great diversity in the marks. Regents' examination marks in New York state are given at Albany. Ask teachers about them—and by that I mean teachers who have been many years teaching particular subjects—and they will tell you what surprising results the Regents' can produce. Pupils, for instance, who have done excellent work and deservedly received high marks for years, may receive scarcely more than a passing mark. On the other hand, a few pupils every year who have been neglectful and slipshod in their studies, and whose papers have always revealed these qualities, will receive very high marks.

No wonder that teachers are not inclined to set very much store by examinations! They may reveal the intellectual status of the individual student to some extent, but they are much more likely to reveal the intellectual interests of the examiner. So far as their revelation of the talent, much less the possible genius, of those who are examined is concerned, they are quite hopeless. The best illustration of that is that the Abbot Mendel, to whom we owe the revolution of our knowledge of heredity, and who must be considered one of the greatest geniuses in biology of the past hundred years, tried as a young man to pass an examination for teacher and failed. Later he tried again and failed again. His examination papers are still on file, and they show that he deserved to fail. He was one of these human beings who know too well what they do not know. He was not a good bluffer, and it takes some bluff to pass an examination with high marks. As the result of his failure, he never received a license to become a teacher, remained a substitute all his life and received something less than a dollar a day for his services. But he had the genius to look right through the deep problem of heredity and solve it.

The Edison examination of last year, for example, may or may not serve to reveal that certain individuals among the group of young men examined are of outstanding intellectual development. We have had similar selections made for the Rhodes scholarships for some twenty years now, and so far no Rhodes scholar has set the world on fire. It was a good thing to pick not one but half a dozen candidates for the Edison scholarships. To single out an individual under such circumstances would be at least temerarious, if not quite unfair. The choice between men who are very close together in marks is too illusory to be made with any assurance.

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Places and Persons

THE SCENE AT CARTHAGE

By DANIEL SARGENT

PRESENT Carthage is no more than a white cathedral on a tawny hill. It is so far from the nearest living city, Tunis, that its cathedral, to that city, seems blue with distance.

Ancient Carthage is dead. It was destroyed by the Romans; it was again half-destroyed by the Vandals; it was finally destroyed in the seventh century by the Moslem invasion. Even its stones have been carried away. Its stones have built other cities, notably Tunis. They have gone as far as England to decorate castles. Myriads and myriads of them are still sunk in the earth. What remain on the surface, or have been dug up from the ground—columns of pagan temples, a confusion called the Punic Admiralty, a theatre without seats, a cistern turned to a stable, tombs, endless tombs, and the noble emplacements of five Christian basilicas —serve but to show how much has disappeared. Never were ruins so much ruins; so truly the symbol of death and destruction.

Yet present Carthage and destroyed Carthage joined in inviting this year to their common site that triumph of the Blessed Sacrament, a Eucharistic congress.

On May 8 wound down from the cathedral of present Carthage to a demolished amphitheatre of ancient Carthage a procession of children, chanting a song, which, though it had been written for this congress, had the spontaneity which belongs to songs long known. The children carried green palm branches. They were dressed in white, with red crosses on their breasts, after the manner of crusaders. The amphitheatre to which they marched had once been proud and gigantic like the coliseum. It was now very much humbled. The black tiers which gave it a dignity that day were the ranks of living people who surrounded it. But in that arena had been thrown to the lions in the early Christian centuries thousands of martyrs. There had perished the two young mothers, Saints Felicitas and Perpetua whom the Mass cannot forget—Dulcissima Perpetua, as was written on her tomb! The procession flowed into the amphitheatre, with its palms, with its singing, with its youth; filled it, and surrounding the chapel of Saints Felicitas and Perpetua, and facing the papal legate, burst forth in its last choruses brandishing its palms. O how we all were conquered by those palms!

The next day I heard a man speaking of that sight. Said he: "The arches of that amphitheatre looked to me at that moment like the eyebrows of the earth gazing up in surprise." I believe that these words were a literary afterthought. As a matter of fact there was not a man in that amphitheatre who when he saw those palms shaking as no forest has ever shaken—a singing forest—could help wincing from the depth of his emotion. He had been transported to heaven. He had seen the joy of the martyrs for once in his life.

During five days the Moslem population, impressed, and the noble hillsides, the sea, the mountains, ever respectful, watched the ceremonies of Eucharistic triumph. One day I encountered the bey of Tunis himself, he with his sword and gold braid, he with his even more-braided servitors, in solemn procession through Tunis to some Mohammedan festival. He was not interrupted, he was merely almost interrupted, by the crowds of children in white dresses going to their general Communion in the park outside the city. But it is said, and said truly, that the Arabs do not respect a man, friend or enemy, unless he be religious. The bey did not feel challenged or affronted. Europe, France, Christendom rose in the Arab's esteem because of their profession of faith. And how royally the hills of Carthage entertained the pilgrims of thirty nations! Nature—O that noble perspective over Africa!—collaborated at all the ceremonies under the bare sky, at all the reunions. There was not an Arab on the outskirts of the crowd, not a hill with a white village on it in the distance, which did not speak to the pilgrims of the mission of the Blessed Eucharist.

The last day came. The pontifical Mass was to be celebrated that day in an ancient Christian basilica which had been uncovered by the celebrated archaeologist, Father Delattre of the White Fathers. It has been identified as one of the three basilicas which were dedicated to Saint Cyprian, the martyred Bishop of Carthage. Set like a ledge in a great rusty-colored ravine which slopes down from the plateau to the blinding-blue sea, it stands today: a pavement, a forest of stump-like columns, some crypts that gape, and a newly erected ciborium. The Mass began on this shelf by the sea. A church which had been roofless for 1,300 years thronged with the red of cardinals, the purple of bishops, the black and the white of priests: a church 100 yards long and overflowing! And the rusty-colored ravine black with the people! And where there had once been the church portal facing the sea, a row of huge banners belonging to the Belgian parishes, depicting the Crucifixion, the Annunciation, brilliant against the brilliant sea, glorious like cathedral windows but rippling in the wind!

Above the ruins of Carthage rises the superb white modern cathedral, forty years old, which has such hope for Carthage, such hope for Africa. It is dedicated both to Saint Cyprian, the martyred bishop of the fourth century, and to Saint Louis, the Christian king who died on its very site while fighting against the

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Moslem on a crusade in the thirteenth century. The church represents the charity of the king rather than his sword. It is white, it is in a style which befriends Moorish architecture. It looks not toward Europe but toward Africa. It was built by Cardinal Lavigerie. It loves Africa. At half-past three on Sunday afternoon, the last day of the congress, the bells of this lone, confident cathedral began a roar, a melodious thunder.

It was the Eucharistic procession which was beginning, a triumph which would wind down the ancient Punic hill of Byrsa to the amphitheatre and then return to bless all Africa from the cathedral balcony. Under the thousands that marched and sang lay the Carthaginian earth: tombs in such multitude! Here in this buried city there had once been a deep and resplendent devotion to the Holy Eucharist. In the language of the Carthaginian faithful the Blessed Eucharist had come to be spoken of by a single word, Life. Life was marching down the hill. Life was revisiting dead Carthage. It had been called back by the blood of the martyrs. Life was going to bless all Africa from the forehead of a life-giving cathedral. And the crowd was on its knees, and the bells had tolled once more. O for the tongue of Saint Augustine to sing the wonders of God's mysterious ways! God who belongs not to yesterday or tomorrow. God who is.

VIRGIL'S BIRTHDAY

By IGINO GIORDANI

AT THE beginning of this year—the bimillenary of Virgil's birth—an Italian publisher (Hoepli) presented the Pope with a copy of the heliotypic reproduction of an old manuscript of Virgil's works: a manuscript which belonged to Francis Petrarch and contains marginal notes in Petrarch's handwriting. This Italian poet carried Virgil's poems wherever he went and studied them deeply, because he hoped to win his place in the literary hall of fame through an epic poem, Africa, modeled on Virgil's Aeneid. To his surprise he attained the coveted place through his vernacular verses.

The manuscript, widely known as Virgilius Petrarchae, is preserved in the Pontifical Ambrosian Library, in Milan, where it was studied closely by Achille Ratti, while he was librarian there. Monsignor Ratti, now Pope Pius XI, wrote several essays on the manuscript, and in the work now presented to him these essays are included. It was Monsignor Ratti who first interpreted there an inscription which had appeared enigmatic to many scholars and which reveals the destiny of the precious manuscript after Petrarch's death until Cardinal Borromeo acquired it for his Ambrosian Library. The book contains 540 pages and it is partly illuminated. There are two splendid miniatures by Simone Martini on the title-page. On the first page there is a declaration in Petrarch's handwriting of the real existence of Madonna Laura, the Provençal woman to whom his best sonnets and odes are dedicated.

Napoleon carried the manuscript to Paris, but it was returned twenty years later. Dr. Wulff, Pierre de Nolhac, of the French Academy, and Sabbadini are among the many scholars who gave close study to the worn pages. By Sabbadini, a reproduction of another Virgilian manuscript has been published especially for the bimillenary celebrations. It is called Augusteus, and it belongs partly to the Vatican Library and partly to the Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin. The Vatican Library possesses other famous Virgilian manuscripts, one of which goes back to the second or third century.

The centenary of Mistral, the Provençal poet, is being celebrated simultaneously with the centenary of Virgil. The author of the Georgics and the singer of Mirèio both loved country life, and the coincidence of the anniversary celebrations has led many recent commentators to sing new praises to thing pastoral. They call to mind a more pacific, a happier, a finer world, cultivated by Virgil and foreshadowed in a kind of messianic vision in that poet's fourth ecologue, where he expressed the hope that a new golden era of a peaceful world would be brought about by a child, who was shortly to be born. Even as the poet of the Roman empire, Virgil glorified a shelter for a universal community working in peace and ruled by a lofty and noble law.

Much is being written about Virgil this year, and throughout the world celebrations are being held. The principal Italian festivities will be at Andes (Pietole-Virgilio) not far from Mantua, where the poet was born; at Rome, where he led a pure and pious life during a period of widespread corruption and agnosticism and at Naples, where he was buried (19 B.C.). R. Seymour Conway attempted to demonstrate in 1926 that Virgil was born near Brescia, but he cannot be regarded as having proved his point.

An old tradition places the tomb in some Roman ruins at the foot of the Neapolitan hill of Posillipo. It is also related that a laurel tree was planted near there by Petrarch to replace one which had disappeared previously. Shortly after a branch had been sent to Frederick the Great, of Prussia, the second tree died away and a third was planted by the French poet Casimir Delavigne. From this grave there issued a luxuriant growth of mediaeval legends, showing how deeply the pure Virgilian soul had penetrated into the popular conscience. A magic power was attributed to its stones, and it was said that lightning and earthquake and storms would follow any attempt to move them.

According to these legends the soul of the poet protected the city by means of a strange series of miracles. John of Salisbury, in his twelfth-century Polycraticus, related that a certain Ludwig, with a view to extracting magically Virgil's universal science, took away the poet's bones—but not his wisdom. Conrad of Querfurt, chancelor of Emperor Henry VI, related in a letter the many wonderful things he had heard at Naples. He believed with the popular voice, that Virgil had built the walls of Naples and had placed thereon a palladium which would serve to protect the city. Conrad continued to believe the legend after he himself had conquered the city, attributing his success to a crack in the glass of the palladium!

He saw in Naples other objects left by Virgil: a bronze horse, which healed sick horses, and a bronze archer, which protected this city from the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. Conrad learned that Virgil's body was kept in a castle surrounded by the sea, and that a tempest would arise if an attempt were made to move the bones. "And I have seen the place, and have had the experience," added the chancelor. Also Faust, while wandering with the devil, approached with reverence this grave, as Marlowe described it:

> "There san we learned Maro's golden tombe
> the way he cut an English mile in length
> thorough a roch of dtone, in one night's space."

But, as the legends grew among the people, the study of Virgil progressed among scholars in the middle-ages. Monks copied and recopied the poems on parchment, delicately illumi-

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nating the manuscripts. The method used in allegorical interpretation of the Bible was employed in interpreting the poems as Christian truth, shadowed by mythological fables.

John of Salisbury thought that beyond the veil of the verse was to be found the centre of philosophical truth. The Bucolics were interpreted as a symbol of the contemplative life, the Georgics of the sensual life and the Aeneid of the active life. Thus the Virgilian poems, adjusted to the mediaeval mind, continued to occupy a place of importance equal to that which they had occupied among pagans. Since the poet's Fourth Eclogue was considered as a prophecy of the Christ, Virgil was painted in some churches alongside of David and the Sybils. Up to the end of the fifteenth century, the celebration of the Mass of Saint Paul at Mantua included the singing of verses in which it was related that the Apostle had cried out above the grave of Virgil: "How I should have changed you, if I had only met you in your lifetime, oh greatest of poets!"

From the seventh century on Virgil's poems were explained in the monastic schools and were annotated in Celtic, Anglo-Saxon and high German. There are in existence old Latin-German vocabularies drawn up exclusively from the Virgilian glosses.

At that time, besides being considered the wisest man of antiquity (Macrobius had judged him omniscient, even infallible), Virgil was thought of as a powerful magician. This interesting matter has been thoroughly dealt with by Comparetti in his work, Virgil in the Middle-Ages, while Zabughin has studied the fortunes of the poets in Italian Renaissance. Suffice it to say that even German poets declared the magician Kinschor had descended from Virgil. Jan d'Outremere represented him as a kind of Rudolph Valentino, with whom women fell in love even without seeing him. But Virgil as Roland, desired to remain single.

Adventures of a similar kind were related in the popular romance, Les Faits Merveilleux de Virgille, translated into many languages, even into Icelandic. The minnesinger Heinric von Veldeke composed an Eneit, and Benoît de Saint-More the Roman de Troie, and the Roman d'Eneas, with materials taken from Aeneid. And Aeneid was early translated into the vernacular languages.

An Irish translation, known under the title Imtheachta Aeniasa, was made before 1400 A.D.; and The XIII (!) Bukes of Eneados of the famose poete Virgill were "traslatet into Scottish metir bi Mayster Douglas Gawin" since 1553. Among the many English versions, let us remember the abstract made from French by W. Caxton and printed at Westminster in 1490, and the two complete versions of the seventeenth century by John Ogilby and John Dryden.

But the poet who expressed most vigorously the mediaeval admiration for Virgil was Dante. Dante knew all the Aeneid by heart; and pored over it with "a long study and a great love," taking from it "the beautiful style that had given honor" to him. He saw in Virgil not only the singer of the Roman empire and the wise and gentle man who knew everything, but also the embodiment of human reason. As such, Dante took Virgil as guide and teacher in his travel through the first and second kingdom beyond death. So in the masterpiece of Italian poetry, a Christian genius met a pagan genius on the spiritual and intellectual ground of the highest ideals of the life, and associated him in a work of philosophical wisdom, artistic beauty and religious atonement.

The mediaeval poet relieved Virgil to the purest intellectual light, "full of love," "and a love for a true good," from the transfiguration operated by the turbid admiration of his age.

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COMMUNICATIONS

"ROMAN CATHOLIC"

Ottawa, Can.

TO the Editor:—My letter (published in The Commonweal, May 7) was written as a Catholic paper and I, therefore, naturally expressed my "surprise" that (by a slip, as I assume) the term "Roman Catholic," should have been used, in an editorial in such a paper. When Mr. Gilmore, who is not a Catholic, expresses (The Commonweal, May 28) his "surprise" at my remarks, it merely indicates an unfamiliarity, on his part, with the Catholic attitude.

Let me quote from Mr. Belloc's article in the March Atlantic Monthly:

"The term 'Roman' Catholic is a provincial legal term, invented for political purposes, by the Westminster Crown lawyers of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century. . . . To say it is meaningless or opprobrious. . . . There is one Catholic body, generally so called. Its common and proper name is 'the Catholic Church,' even in the mouths of those who deny its claim to universality."

Permit me to add that in the Catechism of the Council of Trent, the Church's official statement of doctrine, the term Roman Catholic never once appears. The Church is invariably referred to as the Catholic Church.

Mr. Gilmore says that "for the sake of charity" he always refers to us as "Roman Catholics." But why should it be considered charitable to call us something different from what we call ourselves? Probably "charity" should have read "clarity," but if so, does Mr. Gilmore really think that if he referred to us as "Catholics" instead of "Roman Catholics," his readers would be in the slightest doubt as to his meaning? Would it not, moreover, be more courteous to give to Catholics, as he no doubt already does to other religious bodies, the name that they apply to themselves? To do so would be merely an act of politeness and would not necessarily commit him to admitting the full theological significance of the designation. That is what we Catholics do. We refer, for instance, to the Orthodox Eastern Church, though we believe that we alone are orthodox; to the Salvation Army, while holding that our Church is the only channel of salvation; to the Christian Science Church, which we do not believe to be either Christian or scientific, and to the Old Catholic Church, the members of which we do not look on as Catholics. In Germany, I am told, Protestants invariably style us "Catholics" and we invariably refer to them as "Evangelicals," their official name, though they do not admit that ours is the Universal Church of Christ and we do not admit that their teaching accords with the Gospel; and no doubt customs are similar in many other countries. It is all a matter of convenience and of good manners. Why, then should some persons, in English-speaking countries, persists in endeavoring to fasten on us a name that we do not accept?

Mr. Gilmore appears to question my statement that "in the East the designation 'Catholic' is universally and upon all occasions conceded to those of our faith," since he states that the official name of the Orthodox Church is "the Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Eastern Church." That is no doubt its official description, but the name that it commonly uses is "Orthodox Eastern Church." Abundance of authority might be cited in support of this statement. For example, Dr. Fortescue in the preface to his classic work on the subject, states specifically that "the body about which this book treats always calls itself the Orthodox Eastern Church." While the Orthodox Church no doubt claims that it and it alone, is the "Catho-

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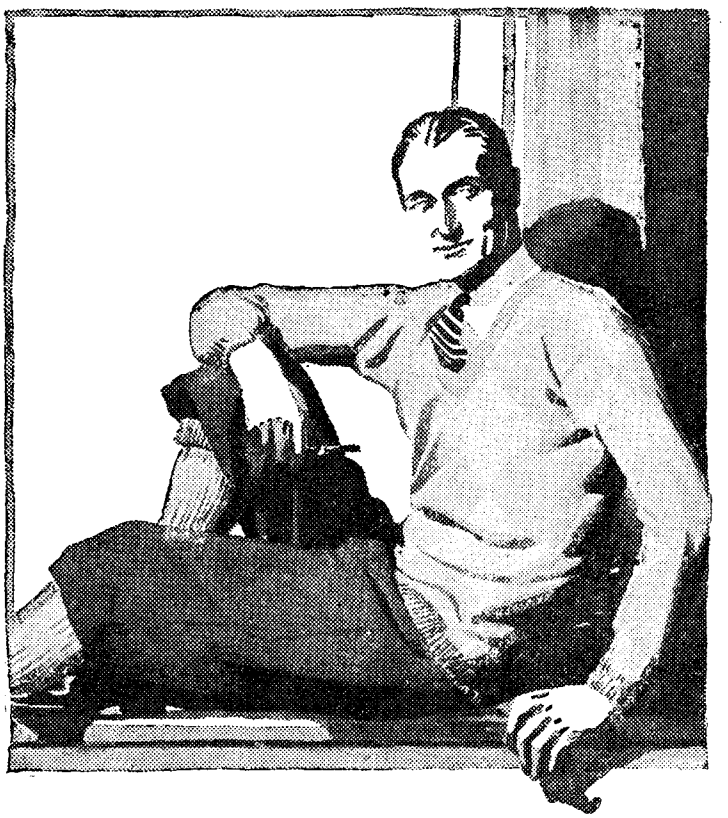

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lic Church" of the Creed, its members never in common parlance, at all events in the East, refer to themselves as "Catholics" or "Greek Catholics," but always as "Orthodox" or "Greek Orthodox." By "Catholic" or "Greek Catholic" they understand a spiritual subject of the Pope. There can be no doubt of this. William Palmer, for instance, found it to be so when, as a Tractarian Anglican, he sojourned for a considerable time in Russia, and later described his experience in his Visit to the Russian Church.

W. L. Scott.

CHURCH CONDITIONS IN MEXICO

Aiken, S. C.

TO the Editor:—The writer (a Protestant) has spent many years in Mexico, and, knowing the country, people and language intimately well, considers it not only a privilege but a duty to "relate some of the inside facts about Mexico, and to give at least as much attention to actualities concerning the *personal* Catholic side of the controversy as to the government case."

No fair-minded person, Protestant or otherwise, has ever looked upon Calles's banishment of the Catholic clergy, in 1926, as other than a mistaken and fanatical proceeding, so harmful to a people who have been Catholics for 400 years. The case for the government has been widely discussed: that of the Church and people, terribly impoverished and misquoted, has been glossed over and ignored.

No one who has not lived for years in Mexico can understand the veneration of her people for the Church and her priests: without these latter, there is a widespread feeling of loneliness, helplessness, which the less churchly people of our own land cannot comprehend. The poor of Mexico are bitterly poor: due largely to the oppression of their powerful, wealthy employers, they exist in utter want and poverty, scantily clad and even more scantily fed. The lives of Mexico's humble working-folk are pitiful in the extreme, for their daily wage would not support a prized dog (in this land). A workman's few centavos go to the semisupport of a starved family, who lack charcoal for their cheap "brazeros" (stoves), milk, tortillas and meat. Half-fed, without proper clothing and blankets, a hungry family—father, mother and anywhere from six to twelve wailing children—huddle together for the night on thin straw mats, without any covering. Nearly all of the cities and villages of Mexico are dangerously chilly at night, lacking the daytime sunshine, for which reason hundreds of poorly nourished children die by hundreds, from pneumonia and starvation.

Those "humanitarians" (?) who ignore these conditions (their name being legion) wonder how the Church, itself impoverished, "without revenues or property"—its priests equally poor—can help these unfortunate people. But the padres, out of their own miserable stipends, contribute what they can of warmth and food to their hungry flocks: when there is sickness, the priest is always present, nursing, doctoring and comforting, where physicians refuse aid, as is so often the case. The writer, knowing the vaunted piety of wealthy Mexican ladies, often marveled why they too did not succor these starved folk: but donation of money and personal jewels to "Church saints and crowns of the Virgins" appealed more to them than the relief of the humble sick and dying. Was not more credit acquired thereby in the eye of their fellow-worshipers? Above all, "there were the priests to aid and comfort the afflicted poor."

Speaking of these padres, who have been sorely missed, spiri-

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tually and temporally, during the past three years—how many of us on this enlightened side of the Rio Grande know that these devoted men are alone among the civilized world's clergy in receiving no salary? They have small bare dwelling-places: the simplest of food (most of which they give to their needy) and they are the shabbiest, most poorly clad of men. The American conception of a Catholic priest is that he is stout, jolly, well fed and wined, and that his domestic life is far from being dignified or proper. I wish these misinformed people could see the Mexican priests as I have, during some twenty years (again, *I am a Protestant!*) carrying most of their food to needy people; denying themselves much-wanted books, small necessities and decent cassocks, in order to get medicine for these ailing folk; watching the night through at the bedside of dying ones; praying over, comforting and absolving them, with never a murmur or complaint. There are, of course, some exceptions—not even the priesthood is 100 percent perfect. One writes of the priests of Mexico as one has seen them: toiling in the filthy city slums; in barren, isolated places of the far interior; and, above all, offering up their lives during plague times, when thousands of people are laid low by smallpox, virulent typhus, yellow fever and other scourges. Most of Mexico's cities are prey to these diseases, especially pneumonia; and at such times, well-off folk, foreigners and missionaries are among the first to flee. (The medical missionaries excepted: *they* do good work. But they are not Catholics: it is the faithful, shabby padre to whom the dying turn, and to whom they will always appeal—in life and death.)

Two incidents, proving the piety and devotion of these "servants of the poor of Mexico" will ever be remembered by the writer. Some years ago, the city of Mexico was typhus-plagued, fatal at such altitude. Thousands fled to safe spots; few physicians remained; missionaries were obliged to remove their families to non-infected places, wherefore only business men (unwilling to leave their posts) and the priests and nuns remained, these latter nursing thousands of people who sickened and died. No record was kept of the mortality: Mexico City had, then, the second highest death rate of the world, and electric hearse lines worked night and day conveying the dead to that great potter's field, the Panteon de Dolores. But Catholic church records are thickly filled with the names of padres and nurses who worked unceasingly, and themselves died, at their posts.

And, during the Spanish-American War, the writer was on the quarantined Seguranca, in Havana Bay. Two Spanish warships, La Reina Cristina and the Alfonso III had just docked far out, flying the ominous yellow flag—"Vomito on board." Standing on deck with the Seguranca's captain, a non-believing German, I noted that he removed his cap and stood at attention, when some boats, containing a number of priests, made their way to the plague-stricken battleships. Noting our curiosity, the captain said, "I salute those priests: I have faced danger ever since I was a lad, but they are braver than I. . . . Not for any sum would I set my foot on those plague-ridden vessels."

There are thousands of similar cases, where the priests fought and died as few heroes ever have—perhaps, being only human, they were afraid, but no one ever knew it. The affrighted Catholic priest, shirking his sacred duty, has yet to be found. Can we Protestants truthfully make such a claim?

Considering these things: that Mexico demanded her clergy, and was prepared to fight to the death until they were recalled, it is no wonder that the government changed its policy, and reopened the churches so long empty of their priests. Of course it is only an armistice—not a real settlement of the

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question. But no country—especially such an ill-governed one as Mexico—can abolish the long-established religion of her people, without terrible consequences. Like France, Spain and many other lands, Mexico will always be Catholic. Our American Protestants send millions of dollars to their missionaries in Mexico—all to no avail, for no Latin-American country will ever accept the Protestant belief.

To begin with: we were some three hundred years late in getting there! If I am correct, Romanist friars were laboring in Mexico long before there was a Protestant faith, of which we have so many brands. Our cold, formal, "Sunday-only" ceremony does not appeal to the Mexican of whatever class, be he a non-believer like Calles, or the humble peon, whose only hour of light, comfort and joy, is spent in the church of his fathers, and whose only friend and counselor is his priest. It is a (very expensive) pity that we Protestants cannot realize this fact, and devote Mexican foreign-mission funds to more urgently needed things at home—the education of our illiterate whites, for example, who cannot read or write, and are shockingly ignorant. (Any southerner will confirm this statement.)

To be sure, our noble foreign missionaries are far more highly paid than their home-staying brethren. In addition to this, they are not averse to making an extra penny or so, and add to their already generous salaries and perquisites in ways described by Mr. Flandrau, himself a Bostonian Protestant, resident for years in Mexico, in his book, Viva Mexico.

Not even the most rabid anti-Catholic person can deny that the life of an average priest does not call for the mortification of the flesh. Not even the extreme anticlerical Mexican (who at the hour of death always calls for priestly admonition and absolution) can, or does, accuse any priest of commercialism: vanilla-buying, tea-selling and the like.

In the chill of the early morning, when their missionary confrères are taking a last comfortable nap, padres are celebrating the "Misa de los Gallos" (Cock-crow Mass) held in all Mexican churches for laborers who must go to their work at an early hour. All day long they are busy, at their priestly work: instructing their unlettered poor; visiting the sick; absolving the dying; listening to, and counseling, those who come to them in whatever extremity, knowing that "el padre" will advise and comfort, aware, also, that he (the priest) lives in hardship and poverty, denying himself in every way—"holier than we, equally poor"—as many a poverty-stricken laborer has told me.

These, then, are the men who were persecuted and banished by Calles and his kind, three years ago, and for whom the people themselves call, in every case, when they come to face death. Miserably poor as is the Church of Mexico, lacking personal comforts and funds (which they use, having such, for their sick and poor) the priest of Mexico knows no joy beyond that of ministering to his simple, ignorant people. His would be the most unendurable of lives but for "uttering that little word of comfort," administering "that cup of water to those who fever," comforting and praying with those who are about to face the "King of terrors." A priest of Mexico cannot even appear publicly in his robe of office, nor is he allowed to conduct burial services at the graveside: in every conceivable way he is shorn of priestly dignity. That such as these humble worthy laborers in the Lord's vineyard should be blamed and banished is beyond the writer's comprehension: that they should be upheld, by word of mouth and funds is the bounden duty of every Catholic in our land. For they have fought a good fight, these priests: they have kept (and steadfastly hold to) the Faith.

E. G. C. Terry.

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Lysistrata

TWO thousand three hundred and forty-one years ago, Aristophanes presented for the first time a comedy, to be known as Lysistrata. Today, the Philadelphia Theatre Association, with a list of distinguished patronesses half a column long, have sponsored a new adaptation of the old and somewhat boring wheeze. Gilbert Seldes has done the job of translating it into modern idiom and adapting it to a modern viewpoint, while Norman Bel Geddes has designed its stage setting and directed its production. Recently, after surviving the scrutiny of the Philadelphia police force, the entire production has been brought to New York.

For special reasons, I should like to quote the foreword of the producers in the program (the same program containing the list of patronesses). It says: "The Lysistrata of Aristophanes is the one masterpiece of Greek comedy which seems to have everlasting life. It deals with men and women and war and each of these subjects is handled with a sort of penetrating realism. The axis of the play is the relation between the sexes. The treatment is farcical, and, naturally, broad, but the great health of Aristophanes and his great wisdom hold it firmly on this side of everything that can be called leering or licentious. In the present production an effort has been made to hold to the same spirit of the original, removing only certain references which twenty centuries have made inappropriate but retaining the robust flavor and the inoffensive roaring mirth of the original. If the greatest comic spirit of the greatest age civilization has ever known is offensive, one may suspect that the fault is not so much his as ours."

In one sense, there is a small grain of truth in this statement. There is a great difference between the offensiveness of sneaking, snivelling innuendo and the loud and rather empty laughter of sheer vulgarity. It has been the habit of the great comic spirits throughout the ages to work off their excess energy every now and then by being uproariously vulgar—not only, it may be remarked, on the subject of sex, but on a wide range of human activities. This elephantine vulgarity has the one merit of being a protest against timid, smirking and treacherous dirt.

But when we have admitted all this, we have simply stated the obvious fact that there are degrees of offensiveness—things which offend the moral sense, because they are dishonest, hypocritical and false in their values, and other things which offend simply better judgment and good taste. We have simply admitted that there may be degenerate wit and ordinary vulgar wit. Lysistrata belongs plainly and solidly in the class of vulgar wit. It handles the facts of life with about as much reserve as your pet comedian handles a custard pie. Having as its theme the determination of the women of Greece to end wars by refusing to associate with the men until they make peace, it neglects none of the obvious consequences of such a resolution. It leaves nothing to the imagination, either in speech or in action. Thus "the greatest comic spirit of the greatest age civilization has ever known" simply proves his "greatness" by taking the easy road of the barroom jokester! There is nothing in Lysistrata to compare to the swift and subtle satire of The Frogs. Why, then, was the Lysistrata selected for presentation rather than The Frogs? If you find the honest answer to this simple question, I think you will come dangerously near to discovering why the producers take such elaborate pains to set forth the "great health" of the "greatest comic spirit" of the Athenian age. They

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protest too much. They are—or should be—perfectly aware of the essential vulgarity of Lysistrata, but under cover of the classical robe, they are all too anxious to poison the wells of honest criticism or objection. In the same pathetic and childish spirit of self-justification, Robert Littell, writing in the World, cries out "Anyone who can think of it as a dirty show had better change the linen wrapped round his own dirty little soul!" Why bring up the issue at all, if the play is so conspicuously aseptic? Must Mr. Littell prance so promptly when Gilbert Seldes cracks the whip? Percy Hammond comes nearer the truth when he expresses the belief that Mr. Littell would "not print in the World the leering details that make the Lysistrata a Broadway hit," and comes still closer to bed rock when he advises the World critic that "on the first night at least there were more dirty little souls who enjoyed the Lysistrata than there were dirty little souls who did not."

All of which leads back to the curious psychology of fear which dominates obedient critics like Mr. Littell and obedient patronesses like those whose names decorate the Lysistrata program—the fear of being called a prude. "I dare you to do it" says the gang leader—and the weakest boy in the gang accepts the dare simply because he is afraid of being called a coward. He acts on the lesser of two fears. Half the "leering and licentious" plays on Broadway these last few years would never have been produced if the managers could not count on this innate fear animating many of the critics—or on another breed of hypocritical condemnation which carries a wink and the sly suggestion that the show is "naughty." The two things conspicuously lacking among most of our critics are the healthy common sense which is never prudish and the simple courage to call the bluff of rampant hypocrisy.

Aside from all other questions, Lysistrata has too many long and boring passages to be inherently good entertainment. Within the limits of its deliberate vulgarity, it has only a few minutes of tavern fun. Its one and only idea is spread so thin that it soon becomes painfully obvious. The result is a foregone conclusion —making the intermediate horseplay all the more patently nothing but intentional vulgar detail.

It is only in the manner of the production that the Philadelphia Theatre Association, by giving a free hand to Norman Bel Geddes, has contributed something of value to the season. His one setting is a superb piece of imaginative design. My only objection to it is that it does not carry a Greek feeling—certainly not an Athenian feeling. It is distinctly Asiatic. But the overwhelming genius of Geddes lies in his knowledge of the power of line and rhythmic design and color and lighting to produce emotional effect. It is simply unfortunate that he so rarely has the chance to spread his talents on something thoroughly worth while. The gorgeous visual effects of Arabesque were wasted on a play of miniature worth. The Dante project is, I still believe, destined to be the crowning achievement of Geddes' career. It is stupendous both in design and concept. Moreover, it is something so much greater than Geddes himself, that at every stage in its development, he must be at a pitch of high aspiration to make reality measure up to dreams. The setting for Lysistrata is worthy of one of the great Greek tragedies. It is too bad to have it wasted as esthetic sugar-coating to sweeten the taste of Aristophanes on the loose.

The title page and index for Volume XI of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume XI in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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BOOKS

Papini's Saint Augustine

Saint Augustine, by Giovanni Papini; translated by Mary Pritchard Agnetti. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THIS year the fifteen hundredth anniversary of the death of Saint Augustine of Hippo has been marked by the holding of the International Eucharistic Congress at Carthage, and Giovanni Papini has observed the event with a new study of the great saint. It would, however, be wrong to give the impression that his book is in any way made to order; on the contrary the famous author of the Story of Christ, that remarkable work which, for all its shortcomings, must have driven many to a new study of the Gospels, has written this new book out of a long and intimate acquaintance with the saint. He tells us that Saint Augustine, with Pascal, was the only Christian writer he read, before his return to Christ, with an admiration that was not purely intellectual. He early learned to admire Saint Augustine's Latin style. One of his strongest childish impressions was of the picture of Botticelli in the Uffizi in Florence, the representation of the Saint with the child by the sea which he tries to empty. And, finally, he went to school in Florence in the Via Sant 'Agostino. It is as if the saint had been watching over this brilliant and turbulent youth.

After this account of his relations with Saint Augustine it is hardly necessary for Papini to assure his readers that he has not written of the Saint as a patrologist or a Scholastic, but as an artist and a Christian. This is a personal study of the great Saint as seen, loved and apprehended by an Italian intellectual. As such it cannot fail to have an attraction for the general reader which the more specialized study would not possess. Papini has not carried his subjectivity to excess; his narrative of the main events of Saint Augustine's life is straightforward and interesting, but without the lively overdrawing one could imagine an Emil Ludwig would have given us. For most of the facts, or allowable assumptions, the writer, in the appendix, has produced sound documentary authority, and several of the little excursions or elaborations of biographical themes, such as the comparison of the future saint taking leave of his tearful mother, with Aeneas leaving Dido, are much to the point, and justified by known facts of the Saint's life. A particularly interesting chapter is that in which Papini characterizes Saint Ambrose; it makes the Milanese saint live before us, in his age and society. The account of the Manichaean heresy might perhaps be described as too sketchy, but there are other books, to which Papini gives references, to which those particularly interested in the philosophical side of the matter may turn. The writer is more concerned with the practical consideration of the prevalence of Manichaeanism today, and incidentally one is driven to wonder whether a recent reaction against Saint Augustine in certain literary circles, for example a recent essay of the French critic, Andre Suarès, is not, unconsciously, due to the wide prevalence in our time of a form of Manichaeanism. And not only this particular spiritual and intellectual malady of our age does Papini, in one of the most telling chapters of his book, show to have been anticipated 1,500 years ago by the saint of Hippo.

"If," he says, "I begin by telling you that Augustine spent half his life quarreling with the Manichaeans, Donatists and Pelagians, you will immediately scent a menace of boredom and feel strongly inclined to skip the pages that follow; but when I add that, as a matter of fact, it was against Theosophists,

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Protestants and Romanticists that he strove, you will prick up year ears. . . . If, with the necessary reservations and within certain limits, you will put Madame Blavatsky in the place of Mani, Donatus in that of Luther, and Pelagius in that of Rousseau, you will readily perceive that Augustine's battlings and skirmishings are by no means lifeless relics of a dead era but actually what might be termed current events."

Cardinal Newman's parallelism between the Donatists and Protestants is celebrated in the English-speaking world, but to the Italian audience which Papini is, of course, primarily addressing, the thought will be novel, and for readers anywhere the remaining parallels will be full of suggestion. In short one may say of this book that, just as the Storia di Cristo must have sent many readers to the Gospels, so this very individual study of Saint Augustine must send many to the Confessions—in connection with which Papini is not afraid to challenge Freudians on their own ground—and to the City of God. The general reader, with no special attraction for the saint, may well be stirred out of his indifference by this book, and spurred on to a more detailed acquaintance with Saint Augustine himself and with other commentators on him, to whose number it is probable that there will be several notable additions during the present year.

JOHN STAPLETON.

Since Copernicus

A History of Modern Culture, by Preserved Smith. Volume I, The Great Renewal, 1543-1687. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $5.00.

THIS is an essay in general Kulturgeschichte. Its purpose is "to exhibit as a unified whole the state and purpose of modern culture." While we are led to believe that culture is "that complex whole that includes knowledge, belief, morals, law, customs, opinions, religion, superstition and art," we are also told that "a history of culture is a history of the intellectual classes. Civilization is imposed by the leading classes on the masses, often against their stubborn opposition, generally without their full knowledge of what is taking place and always without their active coöperation." Modern culture seems to be the child of modern science. "In addition to material conquests, the triumphs of modern science have produced a new mentality, not, indeed, as yet among the masses, but among the intellectuals, who constitute a small, but important and leading, class." Modern culture is neither coeval nor coterminous with modern times or modern geography. It took rise in 1543 and is exhibited in this volume as it developed in the period from Copernicus to Newton (1543-1687). Its geographical limits are somewhat more restricted. "In that age of poor communications the differences between the several nations were greater than they are now. The light of culture shone strong on the central nations of western Europe—England, France, the Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. In the penumbra round about lay Scandinavia, Scotland, Portugal, Spain and Poland." We are left in the dark as to what precise epoch was, or is, known as the "age of poor communications," and the act that the light of culture did not then shine on Spain makes the identification still more difficult. It is significant, however, that two of the protagonists of the modern cultural period and process, Copernicus and Tycho Brahe, came from the penumbrous region.

The author is keenly alive to the difficulty of writing culture-history. "The roaring loom of time weaves but one seamless web from which for purposes of examination a fragment

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must be torn." The torn fragment on which Professor Smith turns his gaze splits under his hands into four great processes or movements, designated, respectively, The Sciences, The Humanities, Social Control, and The Spirit of the Times, and these into multitudinous minor subdivisions that deal with various phases of intellectual and social travail and achievement. It would be profitless to attempt to analyze any of the many chapters into which the author throws the results of his wide and varied reading or to seek to evaluate the conclusions of so much painstaking investigation. It is much more to the point to regard this book as something fresh from the loom of modern culture, as a pronouncement or set of pronouncements issued by one of the small, but important and leading, class of intellectuals, to be administered, with or without their coöperation or their full knowledge, to the stubborn masses.

Though thoroughly modern, the book is far from being revolutionary. Its thought and philosophy rest on a substratum of Calvinism, not Calvinism in general, but an eclectic Calvinism, which permits the author to say: "The Calvinistic Shorter Catechism promulgated by the divines in 1647 was well known by our grandfathers, though happily forgotten by most of us today." The work is, also, decidedly American in tone, but American with a dash of New England mythology. "The Puritans in New England as in Old England were a great-souled society; next to their stern religion and to their fierce love of political liberty, nothing is more remarkable than the eagerness with which they cultivated learning. . . . Theology was the main interest, theocracy the natural government of the chosen people." Very few persons will question the justness of the statement that: "Three centuries after their first ancestors landed in North America the people of the United States remain thoroughly religious, sectarian, and to a considerable extent Puritan." Virginia's part in the evolution of the America of the colonies into the America of the constitution is not stressed, though it might be of interest to point out that the difference between the Cavalier and the Puritan ideas of liberty is still at the root of much political controversy and conflict.

The conservative tone of the book is still further accentuated by the frequent use of familiar historical clichés. "Protestantism," we are assured on one page, "was in one aspect but the religion of the rising bourgeois class," while on another we are told that, "after the Reformation had weakened and divided the Church, the universities became more and more organs of the state. . . . In this we see what the Germans aptly call the 'police-state,' that policy in which every act is supervised, and almost every act 'verboten' by the government." It is somewhat of a surprise to find that the "verboten" motif has not passed from literature, but, as might be expected, the Calvinist-capitalist theme is still in vogue. "Calvinism and capitalism have been allies because Calvinism was but the religion of the bourgeoisie created by capitalism." The discussion of probabilism does not reveal anything original—in fact it may be said the author takes up the subject where a certain school of German controversialists left off half a century ago. One would like, however, in the name of modern science to have the following statement authenticated by an exact reference: "The Spanish Dominican Bartolomé de Medina, in a commentary on Aquinas (1577) expounded probabilism as the theory 'that if any opinion is supported by authority, it is lawful to follow it, even if the opposite opinion is supported by better authority.'" From Professor Smith's account of the theory and practice of the probabilists, their influence must have been frightfully disruptive socially and morally. "By this method the Jesuit confessors were able to argue away all crimes known to the laws

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—"whoever is not persuaded by Reason will not be convinced by Authority."

Dean Pound, of the Harvard Law School, said to the graduating class of Wellesley College, in his address on "The Cult of the Irrational": "Students make no pretense to confidence. Psychology has taught them to distrust reason. And with the breakdown of rationalism and of historically demonstrated progress it is in the air to distrust democracy, and doubt as to our political institutions."

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of God and man." The indignant author evokes a terrifying figure of a Jesuit making havoc of the laws of morality with the principle of probabilism. Regard for the adolescent mind should have impelled him to soften this figure somewhat. It is from such mythical monstrosities that psychoses arise.

The subject of the Blue Laws is handled tolerantly, even sympathetically. For Professor Smith there is little difference between legislation to enforce certain moral or ascetical principles and denunciation of moral delinquencies. A notable example of this failure to distinguish between law and exhortation is the account of the organization of the Holy Name Society: "Typical of the Blue Laws were those punishing blasphemy. In 1564 Pope Pius IV chartered the Spanish Society of the Holy Name for the purpose of stamping out the practice of taking God's name in vain, and his successors promulgated drastic laws against it in the Patrimony of Peter." This is an illuminating statement which should establish an immediate entente between the members of the Holy Name Society and their Puritan congeners in Connecticut, Tennessee and elsewhere, though such an entente might expose the Society to the animadversions of Mr. Mencken. Such half statements abound in the book, as do such sweeping generalizations as the following, in which the author, speaking of Saint Teresa, Saint John of the Cross and Luis de León, says: "In their writings one may read the rhapsodical outpourings of love and rapture, which they interpreted as marks of union with the divine, but which modern psychologists reckon as symptoms of hysterical disorders rooted in starved passions and in frayed nerves."

The author undoubtedly deserves the highest commendation for the earnestness with which he undertook a difficult task, and for the labor he expended on covering such a wide and varied field, but it is deplorable that he indulges in so many snap judgments and that he gives expression to so many superficial and irrelevant opinions. If he did not attain his objective the failure must be found in his method rather than in his spirit. Historical facts are strange entities that do not lend themselves to the uses of preconceived theories and hypotheses.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

The Soviet Scene

Russia Today and Yesterday, by E. J. Dillon. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.00.

DR. E. J. DILLON has, since something like forty years, been considered in Europe, as one of the most competent authorities in regard to Russia, Russian politics and Russian affairs. His letters to the Daily Telegraph, of which he was for many years the correspondent in St. Petersburg, produced at times a great sensation, while his intimate friendship with Count Witte, of whom he was a political adviser, and whom he accompanied to America during the latter's journey to Portsmouth, at the time of the conclusion of the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan, gave him exceptional opportunities to be well informed as to all that was going on in Russian political spheres. Now, after fourteen years' absence, he has revisited the country, to which he refers in his book as that of "his adoption," and he gives us a description of it, such as it is now, in a volume called Russia Today and Yesterday.

To say that it is not an interesting book, would be difficult. Anything that Dr. Dillon writes is interesting, even when one cannot altogether agree with what he says. No one understands better than he does how to present a question from an angle likely to attract both the student and the man in the street, and his latest work is no exception to this general rule. But there

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is something more than interest in those pages in which he relates to us his impressions, because one can hardly call them experiences, in regard to this Bolshevist paradise, which we are told by its angels, represents the last word in regard to human happiness distributed in homeopathic doses, to an ungrateful world. There is contained in them a distinct warning, uttered in most distinct terms, of the danger which confronts us all, unless something unforeseen happens to destroy the red monster let loose by Lenin and his disciples. That Dr. Dillon believes in the reality of this danger, cannot be doubted for one moment. It is sufficient to read the melancholy conclusion of his book to realize it, a conclusion in which he calls Bolshevism, the "mightiest driving force for good or for evil, in the world today; a stern reality, smelling perhaps of sulphur and brimstone, but with a mission on earth, and a mission which will undoubtedly be fulfilled."

These are terrible words, and the reasons given to us by Dr. Dillon for this opinion, are even more terrible, more terrifying, because he demonstrates all through his remarkable volume the one fact we did not yet know, and which we refused to see, or look upon, the fact that Bolshevism possesses qualities of a constructive order, which they apply to the organization of a world and a society of their own, out of which every idea or vestige of morality, honesty and honor has been excluded; a world and a society built up on one standardized principle, which consists in the negation of the Divinity, combined with complete disregard for those notions of good and of evil upon which humanity was supposed to thrive, and which it was supposed to respect and in a certain measure to follow blindly, and always to obey.

The picture presented to us by Dr. Dillon, reminded me at times, of the famous lines of Lermontov's poem, The Demon, those in which he speaks of a temple without Divinity. In this vast Bolshevist organization of a new world, there is no spirit to vivify it, no soul to thrill it, there is only nothingness, a mechanical nothingness, which tries to create out of what does not exist, something that has got life. If only half of what Dr. Dillon tells us is true, then there is arising not far from us, in fact, among us, a new universe, a new order of things, a new religion of irreligion, from which there will be no escape except death, and from which it is to be hoped, death will remove us as soon as possible.

I have said that this is a terrifying book. One of the most terrifying conclusions to which it leads us, is the realization that in a country of 150,000,000 people, there will be soon no one left with a vestige of the old faiths, or the old traditions that had made it great in the past. Childhood is being desecrated, demoralized, depraved, youth is told that we have been put into the world simply to gratify our evil, bestial instincts, that we are no better than animals from a certain point of view, that there is no God in heaven, and no love or charity on earth, that we have got wants instead of passions, physical necessities instead of spiritual desires, and that there is no such thing as moral consequences. The result of such systematic instructions in evil, can be easily imagined.

On the other hand we are shown by Dr. Dillon, the immense progress made by Russia from the intellectual and educational point of view. And here is where I cannot agree with him. It seems to me that he has only looked upon one side of the picture, the one which was internationally put before his eyes by the very people he came to observe. I hope Dr. Dillon will forgive me if I say that I doubt the Bolsheviks did not know who he was when they granted him the visa he required to cross the Russian frontier. Dr. Dillon was so well known in

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Russia that this is hardly possible, and he is too modest when he assumes that they took him for an ordinary tourist. Far more likely it is that on the contrary they put every chance in his way to show him their work from the angle they considered the most favorable.

Where I also differ from Dr. Dillon is in his descriptions of the prewar Russian peasant. I have lived in the country in Russia, and studied the peasant from the point of view of a large landowner, and from that of a humanitarian, and I have never found him the ignorant being Dr. Dillon wants us to think he was. Certainly he was not instructed, but it was very rare to find a peasant who could neither read nor write, at least in the Ukraine or in the Volga or Ural regions. And as for the Mordva over whose superstition he laments himself, they were, on the contrary, an industrious, strong, vigorous race, far superior intellectually speaking to the Russians. I have lived among them, and some of my best farmers have been Mordvas.

The most interesting chapter in Dr. Dillon's book is the one in which he tells us about the Bolshevists' cultural campaign. It is also one of the most disturbing. Cultured savages are something which we have not yet seen. It opens before us such unlimited possibilities that one can but shudder at the thought of what these may become. Culture without faith, and without other principles than a blind worship of the state, is bound to produce a generation of monsters, strong and powerful, and therefore more likely to succeed in overthrowing our old, weak world. Its success would mean the Sovietization of the entire earth if such a thing were possible. Happily, it is not possible, because history is there to show us that sulphur and brimstone cannot overthrow what is eternal, and that in the long run a Godless society such as conceived by Bolshevik and Communist minds, cannot thrive, although it may prosper for awhile. Destruction always yields before the mighty forces of reconstruction. It is easy to talk of Attila and his Huns, or of Genghiz Khan and his Mongols, but they only left behind them their own ruins; those they had made were very quickly repaired.

All the same Russia Today and Yesterday is one of the most remarkable books of its kind. It is a revelation from more than one point of view. It shows us the danger of Bolshevism, as well as the necessity to watch its movements. And it makes us shiver at the possibility that its attacks upon our old civilization could ever succeed elsewhere as they have succeeded in Russia.

Happily we are not Russians, and we possess sufficient common sense to appreciate the Bolshevik government for what it is worth. Bolshevism may be the "mightiest driving force in the world today" to use the words of Dr. Dillon, but this force may be directed against it, instead of exerting itself in its favor, and let us hope that such will be the case. After all it is God, and not Satan, who rules the universe with all that it contains.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Good Lyric Wine

Newry, by John Richard Moreland. New York: James T. White and Company. $2.00.

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whose lyrics have adorned the pages of The Commonweal and have an exceedingly wide acceptance among periodicals everywhere, is an ageless boy. Youth's clairvoyance and high faith were present in his earliest verses, and youth's inexpungable joy in the simple beauty of the world remains with him as the years pass. What is time? For cannot all be summed up thus:

"Stars in the firmament of the grass,
Dandelions in the blue meadow of the sky,
And a world turning . . . turning"?

There is nothing machine-turned about Moreland's verse, but one who writes so much inevitably drops into trite modes now and then. Moreland's thinnest vein may be illustrated by such a piece as this called Erosion, where an apt image is made just a bit too obvious in verse just a bit too neatly turned:

"As passing feet have worn the stone
Before some busy mart,
The feet of grief have left their trace
Upon the doorstep of my heart.

And though with jest and song I screen
My house from passers-by,
The tell-tale stone before the door
Declares the lie!"

One thing may be said for such verse as this: to many readers, to a great class who care little for the superrefinements of literary technique, but who care much for what a poem says—who want words of faith, comfort, consolation, joy and hope embodied in lyric lines that heighten them and make them memorable—to myriads of simple human hearts, many of Moreland's poems must be precious jewels for memory's casket. There is, however, much to command the respect of connoisseurs of poetry, in Moreland's best. Such is the title poem of this volume, celebrating the little Irish town the poet has never seen, but knows as well by his mother's tales and by the evidence of a great carved chest, a blue glass bowl, a candlestick, a grandam's chair. At his very best Moreland is a lyric poet who can hold his head up among the great, and in proof I submit this perfect little poem called Bright, Blue Water:

"If you are tansy-hearted,
Dry as a russet leaf,
Never seek a mountain
To assuage your grief—
Search for bright, blue water.

Mountains have a sullen way,
Cold and pitiless,
They will nail you to a cross
Hewn of loneliness;
Break you like a martyr.

But water is very patient,
Ocean, pool or river . . .
It will listen to your grief,
Soothe and comfort ever,
My son, my daughter.

If you are tansy-hearted,
Dry as a russet leaf,
Never seek a mountain
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SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

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Good Times for All Times, by Nina B. Lamkin. New York: Samuel French. $4.00.

LEISURE time grows in proportion as the hours and days of work are reduced. Even full-time employment leaves a considerable amount of time for activities of one's own choice. To spend this time well is important for adults as well as for children but it frequently constitutes a problem with the younger generation. To solve it has become a life work for many. "Leisure-time recreation for all" is a slogan not infrequently heard. Organizations and associations have sprung up offering to help people to use their spare time beneficially. Some stress the educational activities, others the recreational without neglecting the cultural aspects of recreation. A formidable array of books has been written covering practically every field of recreation—organized and private. One of the latest important books in this line is the volume under review. The publisher informs us that it is "the most complete and satisfactory book of its kind" and one is inclined to assent to this statement.

The book is complete as far as it contains what might be reasonably expected. It covers recreation for all ages, both sexes, the family and mixed gatherings on different occasions and for different days and seasons. It offers programs for family, club, parish and community parties and outlines for picnics, outings and the stage. Practically every program is a combination of games, stunts, songs, music, stories, playlets and dances. Even history, pageants, pantomimes and manual arts are utilized. Hence, not much is left that could not be found in its 400 large and closely printed pages.

Another outstanding quality of the book is that it is satisfactory and by this is meant that it is practical, suggestive, inspiring and really entertaining. Some of these qualities are sadly lacking in many books written to serve recreational leaders. Very few have the experience which Miss Lamkin enjoys and still fewer have her judicious and inspiring way of communicating it to others.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Missioners to Ohio

The Cross in the Wilderness, by Sister Monica, O.S.U. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $3.50.

WILDERNESS indeed was southwestern Ohio before the bishops, the padres and the nuns came permanently in the middle of the last century. Beginning 100 years earlier, in 1749, transient Jesuits and Benedictines and such glorious diocesans as Badin and Flaget had darted in and out of Ohio; but when Edward Fenwick was named first bishop in 1821, the village of Cincinnati, his see, had an ordinance forbidding the erection of a Catholic church within its straight and narrow limits. Next year a log barn-like thing—yet more comfortable than the Stable!—was built outside the corporate limits, the first permanent chapel in Ohio. (There had been a few temporary ones.) Bishop Fenwick's flock when he was consecrated was fifty families; when he died ten years later it consisted of 7,000 souls, and there was a "cathedral" and a tiny seminary.

It is almost true that if southwestern Ohio were the Wilderness, John Baptist Purcell, second bishop and first archbishop of Ohio, was the Cross in it. He made the town of Cincinnati the centre of ecclesiastical power in the Middle-West and far beyond. He founded a whole hierarchy of missionary bishops,

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long in line and broad in spirit and in geographical distribution. He mellowed the raw country with his learning as he toughened its moral fibre by his hardy virtues and his eloquent aggressive zeal. He brought over from France the pioneer priests who afterward became the bishops of Santa Fé, Cleveland, Denver, Burlington. Then staggering under years and infirmities, with pathetic unwisdom but innocent and charitable intent, the really great archbishop brought bankruptcy and demoralization and shame to the flock and died a broken-hearted and paralytic old saint. The nuns gave him a grave in death as they had wondrously given him devotion in life.

Around this proud pageantry and these mournful memories Sister Monica has woven the cloth of gold and the rich lace and the delicate and strong tapestries of the history of the famous old school of the Ursulines of Brown County, Ohio. Founded in 1845 by Jane Chatfield, English girl converted in her French Ursuline School and afterward an idolized leader of her sisters in Ohio, "Brown County" was an outstanding, very distinguished school when I first began to read the newspapers—alas! more than fifty years ago. It was inaccessible, somewhat, but generations of beautiful, bright young women (many from illustrious families) made their way to its doors. Set on the borderline, it went through the war, of course. But the most beautiful and inspiring pages in this book are those that deal with the glorious nuns themselves. And this despite the fact that Jane Chatfield's godfather in France afterward became Bishop Rappe of Cleveland; that Bishop (afterward Archbishop) Lamy of Santa Fé was the archbishop to whom death came in Willa Cather's book; and Bishop Machebeuf of Denver was the Archbishop's delightful companion in the same book—even despite powerful, pathetic, eloquent Purcell himself!

Sister Monica writes well; here are poetry, drama, pathos, holiness, heroism galore, and all set down with the sparkle that more frequently goes with fiction than with fact. Here is a good book in every sense.

JOHN CAVANAUGH.

Competent

"— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch; translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.00.

THE Simlers are a family of Alsatian Jews. After the war of 1870, they decide to move to France rather than to become German subjects. Their trade is cloth-weaving. A factory is found in western France, and, although they go through much hardship, their inexhaustable energy and their impregnable family unity win out; they become the largest industrials of a large industrial town—Simler & Company. But the very spirit which has made possible their success begins to be swallowed up in the complexities of the machine they have created—the "Simler" is absorbed by the "& Co."

The book has been compared by Romain Rolland to Balzac. As a result, five out of six American reviews gravely tell their readers that a new Balzac has come into being and that his book is just as much a classic, to be read by every schoolboy in future generations, as any Balzac masterpiece. Unfortunately the parallel is not entirely apt; it would certainly not have occurred to anyone without M. Rolland's convenient preface. For the only similarity between "—& Co." and any novel in the Comédie Humaine is that "— & Co." has a family for its hero rather than an individual. As much could have been said for the Forsythe Saga, and yet who has ever thought to call Galsworthy a new Balzac?

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Otherwise, "— & Co." is something quite different. It is very French—and very modern French at that. There is a certain foggy exaggeration about it which becomes all the foggier and all the more exaggerated for being translated into English. Eyes are always "slits" in "pouchy" faces; complexions are always covered with "livid" splotches; people always have huge paunches or stringy limbs. Throughout there is a vague brooding feeling of race and environment, of inheritance and tradition. And there is an incredibly idealized Christian heroine, all-beautiful, all-knowing, completely the mistress of her fate. If one mixes with this a good portion of sociological melancholy (of the Harper essay variety), a little naturalistic sex, some very clever descriptions, a chapter of stream-of-consciousness, and a cynical, all-wise porte-parole, which makes it possible for the author to inject his own theses without seeming too olympian, one has the recipe for "— & Co."

Not that it would be easy to write such a book. Far from it. It is, all in all, a workmanlike, serious novel, showing considerable ability to observe, and remarkable knowledge of Jewish psychology. But it is neither amusing nor is it Balzac. And anyone who reads it will have read a novel—nothing more and nothing less. He will be neither wiser, nor will he have spent hours entirely free of boredom.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Catechism Transfigured

The Spiritual Way Series. Books One, Two, Three and Four, by Mother Bolton. Yonkers: World Book Company. $.36; $39; $42; $54.

THESE textbooks make religious truth attractive to the eyes and minds of children from grades three to six inclusive. In purpose and appearance they are like the pioneer religious texts and readers of Doctors Shields and Pace, but ever so much sprightlier, incorporating advantages unknown half a generation ago. There are twenty topics treated in the four books and they range from creation to the gifts of the Holy Ghost and the beatitudes, sufficient for the needs of children from eight to eleven who make their first confession and are confirmed. Each topic ends with a tone from the Gregorian melodies. Each topic is quite large, but it is broken up into smaller topics which range in number from fifty in the first book to 100 in the fourth. The subtopics start from the apperceptive bases of child life and knowledge already possessed, and present their religious truths in expository, hortatory and narrative form. Each paragraph or two is driven home with questions and answers based upon it. Nearly every subtopic concludes with a series of practical tests or project suggestions for incorporation in the child's note-book. There are many illustrations. And the colophon at the end of each book telling us that "the little H means just that—these pictures were drawn by Mother Hackett," is indicative of the naïveté and freshness that characterize all. Attractive rubrication and varied type, border decorations, verse and scriptural passages are also worked into the text ingeniously and attractively. There is a delightful originality in format, approach and content. Surprise and interest abound. The positive aspects of doctrine are stressed and opportunity is opened for a budding spiritual life. The sublime but abstract doctrine of grace, for instance, is conveyed to a little child as it should be: a thing of more enthralling beauty and charm than any fairy-tale. There are no horrendous abstractions or sesquipedalian words. Sequence is both logical and psychological. The subject-matter is grouped about large doctrinal topics rather

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than vivisected into unrelated and isolated questions and answers. Thinking rather than memorizing is emphasized and self-activity is given ample scope.

The books are not perfect, of course. Doubtless, use and criticism by competent teachers will improve both content and presentation. It may be found that the grading needs revision and that the tests are incomplete, reviewing the topics partially only and not completely. The sacrament of penance, for instance, is not treated explicitly until the last book, in the sixth grade. The concentric or cycle method, followed traditionally and psychologically justified, has not been formally adopted. The four books present a complete cycle indeed, but few students of this subject would run a single cycle of four years in an elementary course. Most of them demand a cycle every two years, some every three.

The books come very near to teaching by themselves. Yet they seem to demand a teacher's manual of directions. What, for instance, shall be memorized? We are not told. The basic formulae of any science must be memorized after due understanding. Again, there is a truly splendid treatment of the sacraments, but nowhere do we find as a necessary and concluding summary, the concise definition of a sacrament which serves as an epitome and password of the Faith. But perhaps a catechism is also used with these texts as readers. The latter occasionally imply the use of one. Might not each topic have incorporated its few definitions to be memorized? There are other devices for the teacher primarily, and therefore not to be found in these books, which are normally taught in any course in methods and find their way into the teaching of religion. Doubtless they are given in the course of methods which the author has made so popular. The training of the teacher is paramount, the child's textbook is secondary.

But it is a joy to welcome these highly attractive and most useful books for children. This reviewer closes the volumes with an almost Augustinian sigh: too late have I known thee, too late have I loved thee. But he is comforted with the thought that the children trained in the spirit of these textbooks will surely accomplish the things their teachers have only dreamed.

JOHN K. SHARP.

A Fiery Evangelist

Dowie, by Arthur Newcomb. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

THREE decades ago John Alexander Dowie founded what was, in all likelihood, the most thoroughgoing Christian theocracy of modern times—the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion. Faith healing was the keynote of the cult; its seat was (and still is) Zion City, Illinois. The fiery little Scotch evangelist ruled with an absolutism almost beyond belief in this age, exercising complete temporal and spiritual authority over his flock. Mr. Newcomb was for eight years one of Dowie's officers; the story he has here set down is chiefly interesting as an account of the effects of primitive evangelism on minds eager for the literal fulfilment of promised wonders.

It is not a pleasant history. Dowie died an insane paralytic. As his madness grew he proclaimed himself the reincarnation of various biblical prophets. These were accepted as authentic by his followers; it was not until he had reduced his people to destitution that they finally ousted him. He had bled them dry through the tithing system, compulsory purchase of stock and numerous other levies. The money thus gained he spent on world tours and the most ostentatious and extravagant living.

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Later in his career he invaded New York City with several thousand Zionists. His violently abusive language on the platform of Madison Square Garden made him a national laughing-stock, and the crusade eventually ended in disaster—financial and spiritual.

The moral disintegration of the man (characterized in part by secret polygamous teachings and an avidity for literary erotica) was reflected in the final days of Zion City under his rule. Dissension split the community into weird, and often morbid, factions. A "nude" cult was formed; reincarnate prophets sprang up like mushrooms; immorality was rife. The varying reactions of emotionally unstable minds to the downfall of their quasi-divine leader revealed the religio-hysteria which predominated in the sect.

Unfortunately, the novelized form of Mr. Newcomb's narrative, with its injection of a "love interest" and the use of fictitious names, considerably lessens its value as a study of Dowie. Too, the author's treatment of his subject is superficial and often highly naive. Those interested in such religious phenomena will find more valuable material in the files of contemporary newspapers and magazines.

JAMES L. DWYER.

Delicate Art

The Hoax, by Italo Svevo; translated from the Italian, with an introduction by Beryl de Zoete. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

IT MUST have taken courage for the publishers to choose, as a first translation of Italo Svevo into English, this slight but subtle story. Undoubtedly it is a very delicate piece of art—but it happens to be precisely the sort of art with which American readers are least familiar.

For here is the tale of an ingenuous, middle-aged Italian, the author of one early and soon-forgotten novel, whose uneventful life is given reality and even happiness by his persistent dreams of literary achievement. The background of Trieste during the recent war is not stressed picturesquely, there is no insistence upon psychology and no sex interest whatever. In fact, the subsidiary portraits are confined to Mario's invalid brother, Mario's business associate and his enemy, the commercial traveler—with, of course, the sparrows he daily feeds and daily incorporates into the little fables which have grown to sum up his philosophy of living.

The plot itself is tenuous enough—built up about the ill-natured practical joke by which that obnoxious traveler pretends to sell the rights to Mario's book, the disturbing hopes and scarcely more disturbing humiliations, and finally the boomerang by which the duped man quite accidentally secures his whole financial future. What really matters is the gentle, half-comic, half-pathetic study of Mario himself. Somehow, one does not easily forget the pastel portrait of this unselfish egoist, whose thoughts are always "more intelligent than his deeds," and whose castle of dreams becomes an impregnable escape from the bustle and bruises of outward life. One does not even forget the brother, Guilio, always torn between solicitude for Mario and solicitude for his own health—nor the traveling man, who might have been "ground up and analyzed" without betraying "a single cell destined to anything but striking a bargain"—nor the serviceable sparrows themselves, whose "weakness roused one's pity, their wings one's envy." And there is many a passing observation, trenchant or pitiful, which insists upon being remembered.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

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